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The adult illustrated fantasy magazine
November 1984
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Interview with Director John Waters

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# EDITORIAL

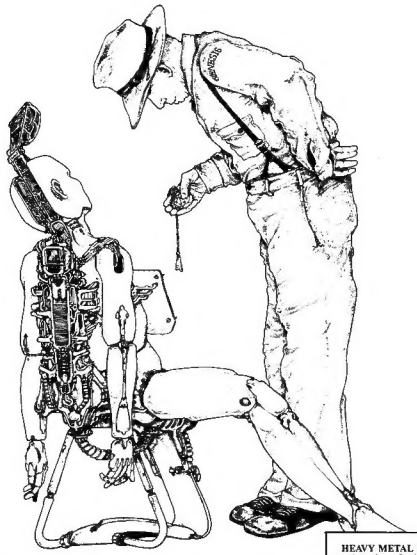
***Change:*** *n* pocket money used for video games, the occasional street drunk and laundry.
***Change:*** *vb* initiating a new and exciting look to a magazine that is synonymous with *new* and *exciting*.

The latter is what the new look of *Heavy Metal* is all about. (The former is what our salaries amount to.) *Heavy Metal* is going through some changes. Not unlike "a change of life," *HM* is growing up. We will be offering you a new design, better, more cohesive strips, and an editorial voice to bring it all together. We hope to mature with the times, and still offer the same quality material we have published throughout the last eight years. Liberatore, Moebius, Findley, Kierkegaard, Jr. will continue to grace the pages of *HM*, along with a slew of up and coming artists from around the world.

So, hang around. It should be pretty exciting. Where else can you find this much fun for just a handful of change?

*—JSL*

*On a sad note, Phil Seuling, co-founder of Seagate Distributors died this past August. Phil invented direct-sales marketing in the comics field, was a pioneering influence in grand scale comics' conventions, and a real nice guy. He will be sorely missed.*



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# Dossier

## Tanith Lee

Donald Wollheim scored a long-playing hit for his DAW Books in 1875 when he published **Tanith Lee**'s ***The Birthgrave***. Reviewers and fellow writers hailed the London librarian's debut with raves and cheers. *The Birthgrave* combined sf and fantasy with sexual sophistication and social maturity—but most important, it was a damn fine yarn.

*The Birthgrave* contains many of the themes and mannerisms to be found in her succeeding work: the nameless, masked heroine questing for an identity to her loathsome self-image; the hidden places full of magic, eroticism, and violence, into which the readers follow the cool and deliberate narrative voice.

***Don't Bite The Sun***, her next book, bears no resemblance to its predecessor in style or tone. Its plot (and the sequel's, ***Drinking Sapphire Wine***) move to the rhythm of a slang called Jang. The novels' domed cities literally run off the energy generated by adolescence—a credible concept if you've ever watched the working kids dancing ebulliently in the World Trade Center bar, carrying the weight of 107 floors on their shoulders.

Tanith Lee's own intense energy has proliferated novels and stories to such an extent that a list of them would fill this page. In the last nine years DAW has handled nearly two dozen of her titles, and this year she's a Guest of Honor at the World Fantasy Convention in Ottawa.

Lee's fantasy novels have helped stretch the traditional image of werewolves and vampires, giving them a consistent code of ethics while their mortal counterparts have none. ***Lycanthia*** is a gothic tale of werewolves sinned against by an arrogant musician. ***Sabella*** is the bittersweet cry of a young vampire on the Earth colony of Nova Mars.

And there are love stories. ***The Silver Metal Lover*** tenderly exposes the experience of falling in love with everyone's romantic ideal—and how scary it is to have that love returned. ***Electric Forest*** is Frankenstein, Pygmalion, and Beauty and the Beast in one sf package.

The invention of Lee's *mise en scène* is remarkable. Her Flat Earth series—***Night's Master, Death's Master,*** and ***Delusion's Master***—are strange dreams and spiritual inquisitions where Machiavellian politics entwine with Byzantine relationships.

***Red as Blood*** is a collection of witty, humorous, and/or horrible fairy tales. Snow White's stepmother is a Christian. The Frog Prince is a demon who devours his bride. "My surprise endings are often as much of a surprise to me as to anybody," she says.

As often as she has confronted the collective terrors of our myths, it was writing about the historical events of the French Revolution last year that was her most harrowing experience. She says about the as-yet unpublished ***The Gods Are Thirsty,*** "There was no letup to the guilt and pain I experienced while writing." Currently she's working on ***Delirium's Mistress,*** the fourth volume of her Flat Earth books.

Tanith believes that she might have lived by the *code duello* in one of her previous lives. That could be possible since this lady is cool, reserved, discreet, and has a mind like a steel trap—this mistress of the unexpected is too marvellously adept to be backed into any verbal corner. And why fence with such an excellent companion of the night?

—Constance Ash

***HM:*** The individual narrative voice is one of the most difficult elements for some writers to develop and control. How did your voice evolve?

## NUVINYL

Two years ago a lunatic named Bob Krasnow took over Elektra Records, transforming it from a safe-house for terminally tedious Californians, into a Roach Motel for nonconformist musical insects. Krasnow is best known as the clown who signed Kraftwerk to Warner Bros. five years ago, and founder of Blue Thumb Records fifteen years ago (for whom he produced Captain Beefheart's classic *Strictly Personal* LP, mixing it while addled on LSD, according to legend). Not surprisingly, some pretty weird platters have been emanating recently from the Elektra domain. . .

Like **Howard Jones**'s ***Human's Lib.*** After writing the guy off (his "New Song" single was a dumb ditty with a vacuous viddy) I gave the LP a what-the-hell whirl, and instantly changed my mind. Jones is a limey synth-solo (performs with a mime who cartoons the songs), sounding like Dolby compatibly interbred with Gabriel.

**TL:** Now that you mention it, maybe I *do* have one. But frankly, I don't really recognize it. Like the rest—inspiration, characters, forms—it merely arrives. The idea comes to me, sometimes in a very concrete manner. With it comes the manual for construction. "You will do it *this* way because this is the way it will work." So I just follow the instructions.

***HM:*** Does the voice have a connection to Tanith Lee, the human being, as opposed to the writer?

**TL:** Yes—and no. Writing is cerebral. But I live everything. Every act of love and hate, pleasure and despair. Sometimes I find a clarity and justice in my perceptions as a writer writing, which in life eludes me until long after. If, in the thick of battle, you try to analyze, it's a good way to get spiked to your horse. Sometimes I've been known to act out a duel in my workroom, which is very small. The result is flying papers, banged knees and a very startled cat.

***HM:*** Sometimes, as in the Flat Earth books, your narrative voice seems distanced from the action.

**TL:** It isn't distance so much as review. As I would point out, not only must one try to be just and fair to others, but also to one's self. The person who can't forgive him or herself may never quite truly be able to forgive another. So though I'd agree the voice has a distance as a storyteller in things like the Flat Earth books, I try to enter and explore those convoluted, crystal-faceted minds. Sometimes I even cry out in frustration, "Oh for a word of that lost first earth to describe what I'm trying to convey!" It's the old argument with one's language.

***HM:*** After writing so much about the occult world, do you think you've become more sensitive to the counter-natural?

**TL:** I've used forms of focus to divert the bad and claim the good. Last year when I was working on my French Revolution novel, the house filled with the presence of many of the persons involved. It may have been their errant souls taking a polite interest, though it may only have been electricity generated by me. Writing too, like all the arts, is a form of sorcery. I found it . . . interesting.

***HM:*** Since nature seems to have a purpose for all the creatures that fill the ecological niches, what purpose do werewolves and vampires serve?

**TL:** Is this a question that is pre-supposing that werewolves and vampires exist?

***HM:*** Let's pretend they exist. How could they serve the community?

**TL:** The historical character of Count Dracula was the perfect aristocratic parasite, preying off society. I can't think of an ecological purpose for vampires. Perhaps that proves they don't exist!

***HM:*** Sabella and the incestuous mother-son werewolves in *Lycanthia* are refined, elegant, beautiful. Is it easier to justify murder if it's committed by attractive people?

**TL:** Ah yes, it *may be* easier to forgive the beautiful their sins—unless one is jealous of them?

***HM:*** Do werewolves prey on humans?

**TL:** The werewolves of *Lycanthia* never kill a fellow human. Without giving all the plot away, I'd like to point to their conversations with Christian in these matters, which were genuine. I take what they tell him on trust.

***HM:*** And Sabella, the vampire of Nova Mars?

**TL:** Sabella, for her part, is driven by superior forces that leave her no choice. She fights it every inch of the way.

***HM:*** What is the morality of the immortals?

**TL:** If one believes in a sort of eternity and a sensible system of credit and debit, any wrongdoer eventually will repay his victims with a sigh of relief. If no such system exists, we'll just have to wriggle along as best we can. Bearing a grudge will be even more of a waste of time. Morality and the view man takes of it is fashionable and changeable. But surely, it must be immoral to inflict hurt willingly on another.

***HM:*** Does magic work through the same principles of latency that are ascribed to sex?

**TL:** Sex, like all the arts, is another form of sorcery. Done well, who can doubt it is a type of spell? But this format—adagio, development, the climax—is current in most balanced creations, not only magic or sex.

***HM:*** *The Silver Metal Lover* seems to have an autobiographical element to it.

**TL:** There *is* an element of autobiography to this book . . . I once knew a young man upon whom Silver is based. The difference was that I was neither sixteen—but in my thirties—nor was he a robot. And although I do fear an occasional human tendency to destroy the fine and fair out of bewildered fright, that wasn't the impulse for the book. The impulse was a celebration of love, the fear and the grief of love's often bitter end, of love's basic insecurity. I knew enough then, in an oblique way, of separation by death to need to say something fairly absolute.

***HM:*** England's national figureheads are women. Do you think that can affect a writer's perceptions of political, occult, and charismatic power?

**TL:** I'm not political. It doesn't affect me.

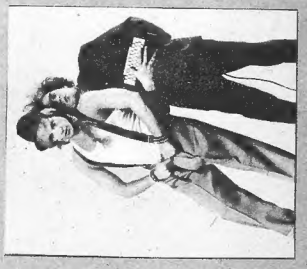
***HM:*** What about internationally celebrated androgynous people like David Bowie and Boy George?

**TL:** I know very little about them except that they're beautiful. Overtly androgynous figures are always interesting providing one doesn't feel threatened by them. Anima/Animus. Aren't we all—however actually physically heterosexual—mentally and spiritually, potentially androgynous? I would hope to be!

***HM:*** You've invented amazing futures. What do you see for yourself?

**TL:** I don't predict the future for myself. For the world I'm hopeful. The world's our lover and our land. We mustn't lose it **I'll be damned if we're doomed!** Is the pen mightier than the sword? No. But think of this. There are more people who know how to read than people who know how to fence. . . .

Then there's **Public Image Ltd.**'s ***This Is What You Want This Is What You Get.*** Eh? What the hell's going on here? Oh, I get it—this is a joke, right? John Lydon's final debasement of himself, cleverly disguised as a debasement of the form, right. PIL music for PIL people. The soundtrack for PILomania. Fifteen years from now Public Image and Laurie Anderson will be doing a nostalgia tour of football stadiums.



# RUY GUERRA

Photo by Steve Grenyo

*Latino-African filmmaker Ruy Guerra: ". . . I do it in order to be loved."*

In Brazil, when one speaks of *Cinema Novo*—the movement that gave a shot in the arm to that nation's film industry—one can't avoid mentioning **Ruy Guerra**. His directorial debut, ***Os Cafajestes*** (*The Hustlers*, 1961) actually christened the movement, inviting comparisons with the French New Wave for its bold dismissal of accepted narrative forms and creation of inventive visual sytles—but the emerging sensibility was indigenously Brazilian. His next low budget black and white film, ***Os Fuzis*** (*The Guns*, 1964) won international acclaim for its moving, unsparing depiction of the brutalization of the poor in Brazil's barren Northeast. Given that his debut dealt with the decadence and aimlessness of his nation's rich and beautiful, the filmmaker's emphasis becomes clear.

But Guerra, fifty-three, is not a filmmaker to be easily classified. His recent ***Erendira***, scripted by Gabriel Garcia Marquez from an episode in his his masterwork, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, was compared by one critic to "the vision of a Chagall on peyote," indicating a flamboyance that American audiences may not yet be prepared for. This story of a young girl whose grandmother forces her into prostitution to pay for the house she accidentally set on fire, may be seen as a fairy tale *à la* Cinderella, as well as a political metaphor about Latin American realities.

Guerra, who was born in Maputo, Mozambique, moved early on to Portugal, and then to France, where he studied film. He ended up settling in Brazil. Not surprisingly, he is an amalgam of influences: Latin, European, African. His other films—such as ***The Gods and the Dead***, about a Brazilian plantation where good and evil clash, and ***Sweet Hunters*** (his only English-language work), starring Sterling Hayden as an ornithologist isolated on an island with his sex-starved wife—dare soar to surreal heights just as they maintain their hold on reality.

The same may well be said for Guerra himself, an affable, mild-mannered man whose long, salt-and-pepper hair falls to his shoulders sixties style. Casual in appearance, he speaks like the French-educated intellectual that he is—but under that restraint one senses an enormous passion, an intense feeling for humanity that his work never fails to convey.

—Dan Yakir

***HM:*** It seems to me that *Erendira* is a fairy tale with the logic of a dream, yet it clearly makes a political statement.

**RG:** You may interpret the film as a fable in the sense that it has a moral, but I believe that the form here is less important than the content. I admit it's often fantastic—even oneiric—but for me it's a very realistic vision of Latin America and one which isn't special to Garcia Marquez. There's a traditional culture in Latin America which is not scientific nor technological and its logic differs from that of the West. To explain Erendira's behavior logically is to narrow the scope of the film. I prefer to leave it open for the audience, because the rational always encroaches upon the poetic.

***HM:*** Like your other films, this one is strongly political, but not at all in the European manner.

**RG:** I reject the notion that a political film must exclude the imaginary. A lot of films that refuse to be political actually have a hidden political stand and are therefore dangerous. *Erendira* speaks about a feudal structure, traditional family relationships—and the heroine herself represents the most submissive, exploited element in the story. Her voyage is toward liberation.

***HM:*** Still, your vision seems desperate. . . .

**RG:** It's because the whole continent is desperate. Reality in Latin America is so oppressive that you can't detach yourself from it if you're a writer or a filmmaker.

***HM:*** It's tempting to compare Erendira to the exploited masses, and her grandmother to their oppressors. How do you feel about that?

**RG:** There's a danger in that kind of interpretation, because the old woman is as poor as her niece. When she was young, she was a whore too, so she saw it as natural. The characters in *Erendira* aren't conscious of who they are; they never ask themselves what they represent. But the grandmother does represent the oppressive force because she's part of the feudal structure, and the girl is the victim

**Ebn-Ozn** are a duo—one musician and one narcissist pretty-boy. The songs on ***Feeling Cavalier*** are mostly silly and forgettable (especially when alleged singer has his mouth open), but the synthetics are all extremely slick and well done, and a couple of the numbers weirdly, insanely inspired (the "TV Guide" Gregorian chant, and "Pop Art Bop's" are astute cultural commentary).

**Dulcet's** *Flesh Made Word* is a moderately boring, Latin-spiced, limey funk-pop concoction by a guy named Nigel Holland (ex of the equally snoozy Out On Blue Six). Don't think the bimbo knows the meaning of the word "sweat."

**The Cars** are just about the only old-regime Elektra band that stands up next to the new stuff. ***Heartbeat City*** is their newest, and I find it as paradoxically appealing as all their others. I mean, I've been *trying* to hate these guys since I heard their first single on AM radio—but I *can't*, goddamn it. The Cars are masters of disposable timelessness, trivial profundities, and resonantly familiar originality. They take shallowness to new depths, and I can't get enough of it.

because she accepts it. There's a dialectic here between the political and the historical. *The Gods and the Dead* was more of a historical statement, where the characters were aware that they represented something.

***HM:*** How did you start making films?

**RG:** By chance. I was a journalist and I wrote mostly about politics. Then I started writing about film and making 8mm movies. I still regret not having become a writer, but I lack the writer's discipline.

***HM:*** But what pushed you into making films?

**RG:** I don't like to psychoanalyze myself, because when you work with the unconscious, you'd better not know exactly why and how. It's like an iceberg—you see the tip, but there must always be a side that remains underwater. The filmmaker's unconscious is part of the collective unconscious and can connect with it. . . .

But having said that, I think the best response to that question was given by Garcia Marquez, who said, "It's the hardest and most solitary profession, but I do it in order to be loved."

***HM:*** Weren't you loved?

**RG:** Oh, I had a very happy childhood. I had a privileged background: a colonist's son who wasn't exposed to the hidden violence of the system. It's not that I wasn't loved, but I wasn't allowed to love, nor did I see love around me. For example, I was brought up by a black nanny, who was like a second mother to me. But I was told I couldn't kiss her because she was black. I couldn't fathom it.

***HM:*** Where do you see yourself in terms of identity?

**RG:** I've always felt a Mozambican, no matter where I went. I love the place and keep going there. I see myself as a Latino-African filmmaker and my dream is to work everywhere in Latin America and Africa. I'm a staunch believer in cultural nationality, not in geography. I'd like to see all South American nations come together. I shot *Erendira* in Mexico and I was an actor in Werner Herzog's *Aguirre, the Wrath of God*, which was shot in Peru.

I must say I'm very proud of the film I made in Mozambique in 1980, which was the first ever made there. *Mueda, Memory and Massacre*. It was shot in three days, in 16mm, black and white—technically crude, but it's strong. I filmed the annual ritual of the survivors of a Portuguese massacre, which is staged to commemorate the event. It's actually a play that's partly improvised, in the oral—not written—tradition; a happening. What's unique about it is that, instead of being grim and tragic, it's humorous. It resembles a *commedia dell' arte*. These people weren't focusing on death, but on how death can be used for the living. It's an event that helped lead to the independence of Mozambique, so in a sense it's also optimistic. Liberation was stronger than the suffering.

***HM:*** How would you describe the evolution of your directorial style?

**RG:** In my first film, I tried to break all the rules of storytelling. I'd show a conversation between two people with a fixed camera and have them shift their position withing the frame all the time. I manipulated time a lot. Every time you cut, there's a time lapse, even if one shot picks up where the other left off. I use this break to revitalize the story, to reshape the interior time of the film.

Each time I make a film, I realize there is no such thing as cinematographic *grammar*. Instead, I think there's a cinematographic *language*, which cannot be used *a priori*. It comes after the fact. You don't have to be a prisoner of a pre-existing language, because the public is sufficiently creative to no longer need the accepted language and to be able to go beyond it. Joyce and Faulkner were possible at given moments in the development of literature. Film hasn't gone that far yet.

What interests me is what happens before the camera when I shoot. The language emerges out of the rapport between the actors, their relationship with the decor. The actor is the main factor in any film, the material I work with, and everything goes through him. I never move the camera before he has found his place in front of it.

*Erendira* is simple, classical storytelling. Since the story already has elements of surprise built into it in terms of the characters and the way the real becomes fantastic, I didn't want to burden the audience with a new cinematic language. What's new is in the film already. So my camera, which I consider to be my eye, is content to observe simply.

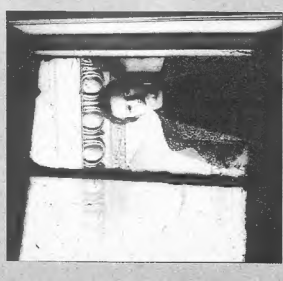
***HM:*** Can one still speak about the *Cinema Novo*?

**RG:** Not really. It flourished until the *coup d'etat* in 1968, which is when the loose group of filmmakers that comprised it, could no longer express themselves. We tried to give the Brazilians an image of their own, the like of which they never saw on the screen. An indigenous image. We still try to do that, as individuals. But with the coming of torture and repression, we had to stop. In the 1970s, I had to make allegorical films to pass the censor.

***HM:*** Some of the allegorical films by yourself and other *Cinema Novo* directors rank as great works of art. Would it be too cynical to suggest that repression may benefit art?

**RG:** It's true, but also dangerous. Some of these films were so subtle that they did pass the censor, but the public didn't understand them either. Censors aren't as stupid as people imagine. Neither are oppressive systems. They shouldn't be underestimated. The Brazilian censor wasn't as logical as the Hays Code in the U.S., where inches of exposed flesh would be counted. In Brazil, nothing was forbidden outright—so, since you can't guess what they'll forbid, you can't really go around it. This is sometimes hard for Westerners to understand. But we are, after all, Dionysian, not Apollonian. And it's both our source of strength and weakness.

**Robert Görl**'s *Night Full of Tension* disappointed me. Coming off the sexually supercharged aura of his last band—the swell D.A.F.—Görl has nosedived into torpor. The spare mainframe skeleton of D.A.F.'s edgy sound is here, but none of the underbubbling emotions that held it together.



Completely out of nowhere comes **Ruben Blades**'s *Buscando America*, one of my favorites of the season. It's salsa, sort of, and it's in Spanish (translations provided), and it's one of the smartest, funniest, and emotionally intense "pop" records to come along in awhile. Breaks barriers of cultural chauvinism almost as quickly as it gets the butt twitching.

# NAHALLYWOOD

Young actress Heather Langenkamp is having a nightmarish experience. She is falling up the walls of her bedroom, pursued by an unseen demon. Her onscreen friends aren't having too great a time of it, either. Her boyfriend gets sucked *into* his bed. Her mother meets a similar fate, and a school chum is mauled by an invisible killer while stuck on the ceiling of *her* room.

In reality, actress Langenkamp is emoting like crazy in the middle of a revolving bedroom, a mechanical marvel à la *Poltergeist* that was constructed for **Wes Craven**'s new film, ***Nightmare on Elm Street***. For Craven—best known for such unabashed splatter-film shockers as ***Last House on the Left*** and ***The Hills Have Eyes*** (as well as the underrated modern fairy tale, ***Swamp Thing***, now playing every eight minutes on cable), *Nightmare on Elm Street* is a pleasant surprise in his career, a dream (albeit a bad one) come true.

"I've been trying to get this movie made since 1979," he says. "But none of the major studios would touch it because it's so surreal. The idea came to be one night at Zucky's (an all-night Santa Monica eatery). I don't know why. I was having dinner with a friend, Steve Miner, and I said, 'What if this guy was dead but he could reach into your nightmares? And the only way you can escape him is to stay awake?' That was it. It was sort of a daydream. That daydream became the script, an examination into the realm of nightmares."

On the soundstages this day, Craven's nightmare is coming alive. A young actor has just been devoured in his bed in the massive mechanical whirling room. Craven-cronie Sean Cunningham has appeared to shoot some second unit stuff. Actress Ronee Blakley, playing Langenkamp's mom, is preparing for a spooky scene in which she confronts a killer who is half-real and half-imagined.

In short, it's just another typical day in Hollywood.

"This is going to be one weird movie," says co-producer Sara Risher who, together with Bob Shaye, are the "oomph" behind the film's adventuresome producing and distributing company, New Line Cinema.

"We're trying to do a lot with not all that much money by Hollywood standards. But people have been so

Photo by Joyce Rudolph

devoted to this movie that we're getting amazing visuals done.

"The story concerns four kids who, one morning, discover that they all share this same nightmare. Some horrible looking man is stalking them. He wears steel-taloned gloves on his hands and slashes at them. As we get deeper into the movie, it gets harder for the kids to figure out when they're awake and when they're asleep. We, in the audience, sort of realize when people are dreaming because, eventually, reality becomes distorted—one girl grabs the killer's face and it slides off, revealing a living skull underneath, human arms extend, that sort of stuff.

"I won't tell you who this nightmare figure really is, but the kids figure out that this killer can't get to them if they stay awake. He can only kill them if they are asleep by entering their dreams.

"Well, they can't stay awake forever and, one by one, the kids encounter this monster. Our lead actress, Heather, who plays Nancy, decides that she has the power to get this guy. She figures that if he can enter her dreams, she, in turn, can get to him the same way and pull him back into the real world. At that point, things get *really* crazy!"

How does the film end?

"Well, right now, we have three endings. I don't know which one we'll use but they are all very, very strange."

The co-producer smiles. "This is the most ambitious thing New Line Cinema has ever done. It's being done for under three million dollars—so it's still, technically, a low-budget picture—but we have amazing effects and make-up jobs. Jim Doyle, who was one of the people on *Poltergeist*, has done all our mechanical special effects. He felt that the rotating room they used in that picture (when JoBeth Williams takes an impromptu jog up a wall) wasn't done the right way, so he perfected one for us that is really amazing. We strap the cameramen in and, while the actors roll around, the entire room does a complete revolution. When you see the finished film you have people falling up walls, zipping across ceilings. It's very creative.

"David Miller's makeup effects are also really eerie. At one point, a girl opens her mouth and a huge, giant centipede comes out. It's pretty gross, but I love it. I love things that aren't blood and guts. That's the nice thing about this movie. It's scary but it is definitely not gory."

A few minutes later, Risher, Cunningham, and director Craven are

## FILMSTRIP

***Comfort and Joy*** is Scots writer/director Bill Forsyth's fourth feature (*That Sinking Feeling*, *Gregory's Girl*, *Local Hero*), and singlehandedly revives the idea of regional cinema (remember Italian Neo-Realism?)—Hollywood doesn't rule *everywhere*, thank God. Forsyth's snappy script and cool direction give this film an almost TV-like sense of direct-to-viewer intimacy, deftly playing a ridiculous local ice cream war against bogus news of international conflict. —js

***The Brother From Another Planet***. Now that we all know that extraterrestrials are really nicer than Mother Theresa, writer/director John Sayles has let one loose on Harlem as a black mute. How Brother manages to become the most popular person on the block with feet like *The Creature from the Black Lagoon* is one of the movie's unanswered mysteries. —sm

***Red Dawn***: Rooski rangers raid the Rockies, or John Milius remakes *Invasion U.S.A.* Ludicrous, humorless, cliché-ridden, cold war paranoia made excruciatingly pathetic by Milius's obvious faith in the message. —js

huddled in a rent-a-car, heading across tinsel-town to see the previous day's dailies.

At this point in his career, Craven is taking great delight in playing down the gore and playing up the imagination. "This is great," he beams. "I did the outline for this in 1979 and it sat in a drawer until I finished *Swamp Thing*. I decided that I wanted to write something totally on my own, totally non-gore. I suppose I was trying to change my image a little bit with *Swamp Thing*, which was a conscious effort on my part to be non-violent. I don't want to be known as a violent guy. I'd like people to know that I have a sense of humor. I have an imagination.

"I've always had a fondness for dreamlike images, a talent for depicting them. I think audiences will really get into the concept of waking nightmares. The weird thing about *Nightmare on Elm Street* is that the audience will never quite be aware of when the dreams *start*. As the nightmares get more out there, they'll know that they're witnessing a dream but, initially, the beginnings of these nightmares will be like when you really dream. Your brain never announces to you when you're falling asleep. You don't get a flash stating, 'Now I am in the dream state.' It's all very subtle. You ease into it.

"Half of the movie takes place in nightmares. And, although they get fairly weird to watch, there is some logic behind them. Our basic premise is that, once you enter the dream state, nothing is solid anymore. Everything is malleable. There's a scene where a girl falls asleep in the bathtub and she's pulled down under into a bottomless watery abyss. She's sleeping though, and when her mother knocks on the door and wakes her up we see that the girl is still in a very solid tub. There is no abyss below her but, seconds before, boy did that seem *real*."

A lot of Craven's nightmares have required mechanical and makeup effects. Many of them (flaming figures charging through the night, a bed opening into a vortex) don't look like the work of someone saddled with a low budget.

Craven is philosophical about the budgetary restrictions imposed on him. "I'm comfortable working on a small scale. I guess any filmmaker would love doing this on a big studio budget, having a crane shot every day and a well-staffed special effects crew, but everyone has given 1000% on this. Of course, the special effects crew is practically dead but, boy, are they working wonders. There's an amazing loyalty to the script. People are really excited by it. That's how I got all these great people. They wanted to try to get the script filmed."

Getting the script filmed properly is important to Craven as well—both personally and, most importantly, professionally. "I suppose a lot of people will expect this to be gory because of *Last House on the Left*. Maybe they'll be pleasantly surprised. In one sense, *Last House on the Left* helped me because it established me as a legitimate filmmaker. But it was such a tremendously rough film, it almost got me banned forever from doing another movie. I continually run into people who meet me and say '*You're* Wes Craven?' It's like they're expecting Charlie Manson.

"I always have to meet with people face to face before I'm considered for a film. Maybe this movie will change all that. I don't know. A lot of people still think I'm a maniac and I suppose that, if all I wanted out of my career was money, I could do variations on the gore theme over and over again. But once I did *Last House* and *The Hills Have Eyes* I didn't want to tackle that bloodbath stuff anymore. I was much more interested in fantasy.

"As a result of this new interest, I didn't work for two and a half years. *Swamp Thing* got great reviews but people aren't interested in reviews. They'd ask me 'How much did the film make?' I'd say, 'A dollar.' They'd say 'Next.' "

His back firmly against a financial wall, Craven found that in order to work again, he'd have to return to the scene of his cinematic crimes. He had an offer to put together a sequel to *The Hills Have Eyes* and, so, last fall, he embarked on the as-yet-to-be-released *The Hills Have Eyes II*. He rationalizes the move as well as possible.

"It's not as hard-assed as the first movie. I tried to make something more entertaining. Nobody is getting ready to eat any babies in this one. It's a *fun* movie, with a real bizarre sense of humor. I like the combination of elements where you look at something, squirm, and then laugh. I don't like just blood and guts. That's boring."

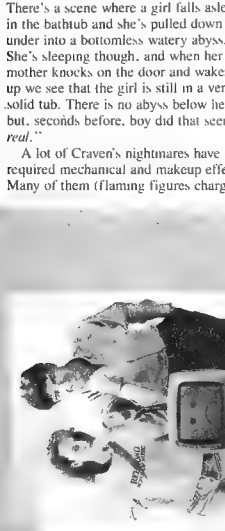
Following completion of *Hills II*, the deal was made for *Nightmare on Elm Street* and Craven was out of the woods (or the hills) as far as violence was concerned.

The rent-a-car reaches its destination, and Craven watches several eerie scenes from *Nightmare*. A phone, held in the hand of a frightened heroine, sprouts a mouth and razzes her. A disfigured killer (Robert Englund) materializes standing in a bed and slowly rises from under the sheets, tearing his way out of the expanding bed like a hideous fetus bursting from an all-cotton womb. Actors and actresses shriek and tumble through space. Inanimate objects move. Breathing objects don't.

After the dailies, Craven makes the trek back to the studio for an afternoon of shooting. "I *like* this," he smiles. "It's going to be full of strange, outrageous images.

"Our nightmare man will be omnipresent. When people start falling asleep, different parts of him just show up. When people pull a blanket up over them, the blanket is suddenly the color of his sweater. When a cartop comes down, it's like a beartrap with his colors on it. He's sort of like Plastic-Man used to be."

Craven laughs to himself. "If I wasn't having so much fun, I'd probably be pretty tense. This hasn't been an *easy* film to make. We've had days when nothing has gotten shot. We have so many special



***Electric Dreams*** is the slickest directed film I've seen in ages. Rock-video veteran Steve Barron loads an ignorable, but not offensive script with so many self-consciously off-handed references/resonances/gags/tricks/gimmicks that what could've been brilliantly boring trash (à la *The Hunger*) comes off as brilliantly engaging trash. Bud Cort is wonderful as a whiningly warped computer.

—Is

***Buckaroo Banzai***: An absurdist Doc Savage, or a moving Marvel comic as directed by Robert Altman, or Jerry Cornelius reinvented. In short, an ironically droll bit of lunacy from screenwriter Earl Mac Rauch and director W.D. Richter. Epic gonzo performance by John Lithgow.

—Is

effects here that we can go for a whole afternoon without getting the shot right. We have a scene where the mother sinks down into this bed and, then, the bed heals itself perfectly. Everything went wrong when we were filming that. The bed would fall over. The lift would break. Things would make noise or crack and ' stuff. What can you do?

"The actors have been great. Most of them are young and it's their first movie so they're very, very tolerant. I feel for the people who have to act in that spinning room. You really lose your equilibrium. One girl just got totally flustered. She was going to pieces. She had to get dragged by an invisible force up a wall and across the ceiling. When she dies, she falls from the ceiling onto the bed. Well, our actress was really getting confused by that room spinning.

"I can understand that. I sat in the room once when it was turning, and its really wild to feel your body go one way but the room seem to remain 'normal.' You really do feel like you're breaking the rules of gravity. It's so disconcerting that I made signs with arrows to hold outside the windows for the actors, saying, 'This way is UP.'

"One of our actors gets choked by a sheet that wraps itself around his neck and drags him up a wall, hanging him. He spent hours getting dragged around the floor. He was pretty exhausted after that. Heather had to spend a day in the bathtub with this taloned hand shooting up from between her legs. That was pretty weird, too."

Does Craven think that his dreamscapes will prove *too* weird for audiences? "Nope," he shrugs. "This is a very cinematic movie. People are going to see things that they've never seen before . . . awake."

With his *Nightmare* now a reality, the tall, affable and not-at-all-like Charlie Manson kind of director ponders the future. "After this, I don't know what I'll do. I'd like to do a really crazy action-comedy next. I'd love to make the jump from horror-fantasy."

A wry smile crosses his lips. "I'd also like to publicly say that I'm open to anything produced by Steven Spielberg."

Ah, if *all* dreams came true.

—Ed Naha

# THE METAL PROJECTOR

*Superman* director **Richard Donner** is raring to release ***Ladyhawke*** any month now. Filmed in Italy, it stars **Matthew Broderick** (*WarGames*) as a medieval European rogue who does battle with Evil Bishop and reunites Prince (*Blade Runner*'s **Rutger Hauer**) and Princess (*Scarface*'s **Michelle Pfeiffer**), who have, respectively, been transformed into a wolf and a hawk. A bit of *Ladyhawke*'s $16 million budget, you'll want to know, paid for the largest secular cathedral ever built for a movie. After *Ladyhawke*, Donner didn't miss a beat and joined ***The Goonies***, the third script from *Gremlins* screenwriter **Chris Columbus**. (*Reckless* was his first). *Goonies* is *not* a *Gremlins* sequel, they insist, but with a title like that, no one will notice. Columbus's new screenplay will again be fronted by Executive Producer **Steven Spielberg** . . . Did you think we'd let you pick up a magazine without more about everybody's favorite Mensa poster boy?! Well, Spielberg's just reached an agreement with NBC that grants him *total* creative control over his own TV series for the Fall 1985 line-up. Spielberg hopes the series, **"Amazing Stories,"** will be a forum for new protégés (nothing new—Columbus was fresh out of NYU), although he'll probably direct and write here and there. Meanwhile, (*you mean there's more?!?*) *Gremlins* director **Joe Dante** has announced his next film. Titled ***Explorers***, from UCLA deb Eric Luke's screenplay, it's said to be an adventure that follows a trio of boys' mysterious discovery. In other words, anything from *The Hardy Boys* to *The Christine Jorgensen Story*. Dante is again with his longtime collaborator, executive producer **Michael Finnell**, of *Gremlins*, *The Howling*, and *Rock 'n' Roll High School* . . . Meanwhile, *Explorers*' producers have wrapped *Witness*, directed by Australian **Peter Weir** (*The Year of Living Dangerously*). **Harrison Ford** plays a cop in this murder mystery, set amidst a culture-clash in Pennsylvania Amish country. Watch for an interview with Weir in an upcoming *HM* . Did you know that ***Dreamscape*** was the first picture ever released as PG-13? And that ***Search for Spock*** attracted the largest single-weekend audience in movie history? Did you know that *Spock* went to the most *screens* in movie history? . . . It seems you can't keep **George Romero** and **Stephen King** apart these days. After their work on *Creepshows I* and the upcoming *II*, and their work on this fall's TV series "Tales from the Darkside," Romero will direct ***Pet Sematary*** from a screenplay by King himself. Cast and release date have yet to be carved in stone . . . Finished at last is ***Terminator***, starring **Conan Schwarzenegger** as an alien tourist on our planet to stop a fellow alien in his murderous tracks. After a visit with ***Red Sonja*** (Sandahl Bergman), Arnold is then transferred to *Outpost* and, yes, ***Conan III*** . . . If you collected Rolling Stones' bootlegs in the early seventies, you'll know the work of comic artist **William Stout** from his jacket illustrations. Since then, Stout has worked with filmmakers, contributing designs to the *Conan* movies, the in-production *Clan of the Cave Bear*, and the upcoming *Godzilla* picture. Stout tells us that he is currently working on a script to *Conan III* and can also be *heard* in *Dune*—as the voice of a robot . . . Watch for **Arthur C. Clarke** in a street bum cameo in *2010* . . . You may have noticed that you didn't see ***Supergirl*** this summer. It has been delayed until Christmas to distract you from depression along with *Dune* and *2010*, and we'll have an interview with director **Jeannot Szwarc** soon. Maybe Szwarc will confirm or deny his upcoming direction of *Santa Claus* . . . **Timothy Hutton** (*Iceman*) and **Sean Penn** (*Bad Boys*) will appear together in **John Schlesinger**'s ***The Falcon and the Snowman***, in which they portray two real-life California boys sentenced to forty years for selling classified info to the Reds. Hutton, by the way, directed the new Cars video, "Drive," and is in New York to star in *Turk 182* with Robert Urich (*Ice Pirates*), a story about the battle with bureaucracy. I already saw *The NeverEnding Story* . . . ***Repo Man***, which Universal released with as much enthusiasm as Nixon did his tapes, is turning out to be the biggest cult thing since *Liquid Sky* here in New York . . . Also watch for ***The Noah's Ark Principle***, a German film about the futuristic intervention of weather satellites in a proposed Middle East War . . . **Jonathan Demme**'s *Stop Making Sense*, the docu-art film of **Talking Heads**' 1983 *Speaking in Tongues* concert is creeping across the

Photo by Dave Friedman

country. *Stop Making Sense* has been kicking around at the San Francisco Film Festival and Filmex for months, but is just now being released theatrically by Island Alive, the company that distributed John Sayles's *Brother From Another Planet* and Giorgio Moroder's *Metropolis* reincarnation . . . *Jaws* producers Zanuck and Brown have spun a ***Cocoon***, directed by **Ron Howard** (*Splash*), and all they'll say is that it's a humanistic science-fiction adventure. Let me guess: a boy falls in love with an android caterpillar. The distinguished cast includes Maureen Stapleton (*Reds*), Broadway imperials Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy, and Herta Ware (*2010*).

—Steven Maloff and Ed Naha

I checked out a video arcade the other day. The place *used* to be hopping—you'd have to leave quarters on every new game and wait your turn to play it. These days, the joint's deserted, and the few diehards left aren't even *looking* at any of the new games.

I still play a lot of video games, but now I play 'em on computers. I do occasionally miss the sleazy ambience of arcades, but the home computer market is where all the great new games are turning up. That's probably due to the big demand for new game software in the home computer field, and the sort of attraction that demand holds for new game-design talent. Software companies also offer fame (Electronic Arts publicize their designers as if they were rock stars) and fortune (a hit game can fetch more than $100,000 in royalties).

Here's a list of five great video games you'll never find in an arcade. Any one of them could be a hit there, but they're only available for home computers. Until some better stuff shows up in the arcades, I'll focus on computer games.

# HI-TECH LOWDOWN

**Lode Runner** (Broderbund): reminds me of my all-time arcade fave, Space Panic. You run around a maze of ladders, trap doors, wires, brick walls, and floors, picking up boxes and avoiding a gang of very stupid robots. Get the last one and a ladder appears, so you run up to the top and advance to the next level. (I know it doesn't sound like much of a laugh riot, but you have to be there.) The game has 150 different levels, and you can skip ahead and play anyone you want. You can even create your own mazes, save them, and play 'em later. The real fun comes with the acid squirting. When you squirt acid onto the floor it leaves a hole for a stupid robot to fall into. If the robot doesn't get out before the hole fills in, it dies and a new robot appears at the top of the screen (that's why I call 'em stupid).

**M.U.L.E.** (Electronic Arts): is like a video board game, 'cause four players play at the same time. First, you choose what species of alien you want to be, then you land on a foreign planet. The idea is to get your hands on as much land as you can and exploit its resources (food, energy, a metal called Smithore, or Crystite, a precious mineral). The fun comes when you get to screw another player out of food and let him starve, or mercilessly drive up the price of Smithore by hoarding it. A lot of weird things can happen (space pirates steal all your Smithore, meteor crashes, bugs eat all your food, etc.) and keep the game close (good things happen to the player in last place, bad things to the player on top). And there's a moral: if the four of you don't coexist and create enough collective wealth, you *all* lose.

**One-on-One** (Electronic Arts): The big trend in the arcades is sports simulations—but Electronic Arts' "Julius Erving and Larry Bird Go One-on-One"—is number one. The two guys on the half-court playing field vaguely look like the Bird and Dr. J., and they even play like them. Larry rebounds better, has a better outside shot, and plays tighter defense. Dr. J.'s no slouch, though—he's got faster moves driving to the basket, and he can hang in the air longer. The game comes with fouls (charging, traveling, twenty-four second violations, hacking, and blocking), instant replays, player fatigue, hot streaks, and backboard shattering. Larry and Dr. J. even give their playing tips in the manual.

**Spare Change** (Broderbund): A little irony here—Spare Change takes place in an arcade! You play the owner of a video arcade and your mission is to keep the Zerks—two metal-headed maniacs—from stealing tokens and tossing them into their piggy bank. You get points for dropping tokens into a bank of your own. Once you've gotten nine or more, you can enter the "Zerk Show" to receive bonus points for your tokens and watch a Zerk Show intermission. Get enough bonus tokens and you advance to the next level. Before the game starts you get to set the Zerks' abilities (token-tossing accuracy, aggressiveness, speed, etc.), and you've got some powerful weapons at your disposal: pop a token into a juke box, and the Zerks will drop what they're stealing to boogie. Put one in the telephone and they'll run over and gossip. Turn on the popcorn machine, and they go crazy watching the popcorn pop.

**Drol** (Broderbund): An evil witch doctor has put a spell on a family, and now they're wandering around an ancient temple. You've got to rescue them—first the boy and his pet reptile, then the little girl and her pink alligator, and finally, the ultimate challenge of mom, who's still clutching her vacuum cleaner. On the way you get to kill off scorpions, dragons, and other weird villains. If you can shoot a bird, it turns into a cooked turkey, and you get 500 points for eating it. The witch doc is still a problem, though—he might pop up anywhere, and he's death to the touch.

In other game news, ***Amazon***, the first of a series of Trillium games based on famous novels, has come out, and it's a great graphic adventure game. Some of the highlights are a talking parrot named Paco, drunk and stoned soldiers who kidnap and torture you, and ancient ruins that smell icky. The latest Trillium game to be announced is ***Star Smashers of the Galaxy Rangers***, from the space opera parody novel by **Harry Harrison**.

Infocom is still king of the adventure game hill, though. They've got **Douglas Adams's *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*** ready. Adams wrote an original story plot for the text adventure. Simon and Schuster are going to distribute the game to book stores, so we'll see if electronic publishing has come of age.

—John Holmstrom

# WE WANT YOUR MONEY

Photo by Michael Penchwich

☐ Berni Wrightson's **Hanover Fiste** and his ne'er-do-well accomplice **Captain Sternn**. You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them in the *Heavy Metal* movie, now see them coming and going. This durable four-color cotton **T-shirt** is a must for summer. **$7.50**.
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_____ large _____ red _____ black

☐ *Heavy Metal*'s pride and joys, our silver, satin-like **jacket**, equipped with a cotton lining, and front pockets, too. Hipper than a Stones '72 tour jacket! **$36.00**.
_____ small _____ medium _____ large

☐ **Heavy Metal's phosphorescent T-shirt**. These all-cotton tees are available in sleeveless or regular style black shirts. Wear it to bed and you won't need a nite-lite to find your way to the bathroom. **$8.00**
_____ small _____ medium
_____ large _____ sleeveless
_____ regular

☐ Our latest and greatest product—the **Heavy Metal all-cotton sweatshirt**. Wear it to the gym or to your fave dance spot and watch those calories melt away while maintaining your ultra-chic image. **$15.95**.
_____ small _____ large
_____ medium _____ ex. large
_____ black _____ white _____ grey

You can now smack **Ranxerox's** pretty puss right on your lapel with this handsome **color pin**. **$5.00,** includes postage and handling. Don't leave home without it!
_____ /Ranxerox pin.

☐ Keep your pants up with a **Heavy Metal belt buckle**. It's 3¼" × 2" and will fit any standard belt. Also deflects alien laser guns. **$10.95**

Check off what you like and how many you want. Include size and color. Add up what it costs (Add 8¼% sales tax if you live in New York State.) Write a check or money order for the total, put it in an envelope with this ad, and send it to

*Heavy Metal*, Dept HM1184, 635 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022

And it would be helpful if we knew your .

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

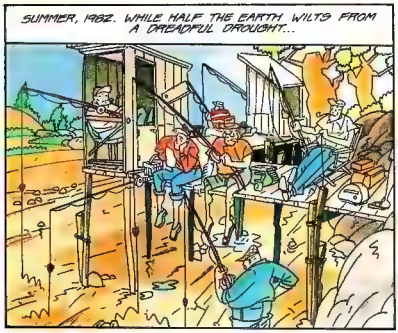
City _____ State ____ Zip _____

Total amount enclosed $ _____

All prices above include postage and handling.

If you don't wish to cut the page out, but do wish to order, please print or type all applicable info on a separate piece of paper, and enclose it with a check or money order. After all, you wouldn't take scissors to the Mona Lisa, would you?

# TRITÓN



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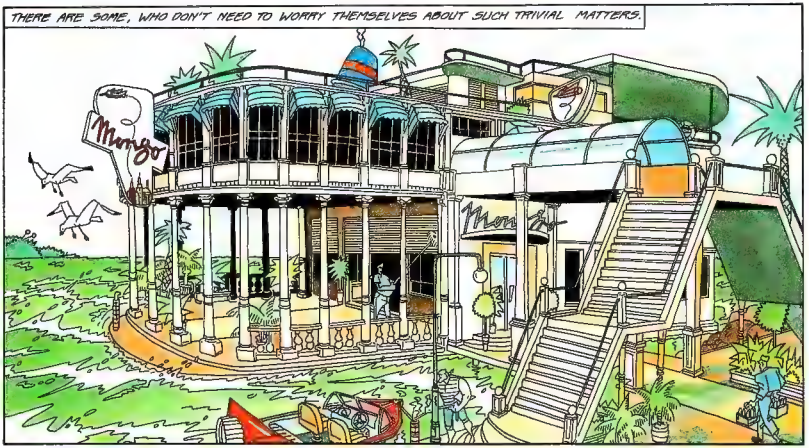
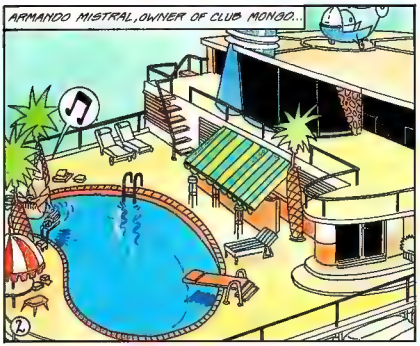
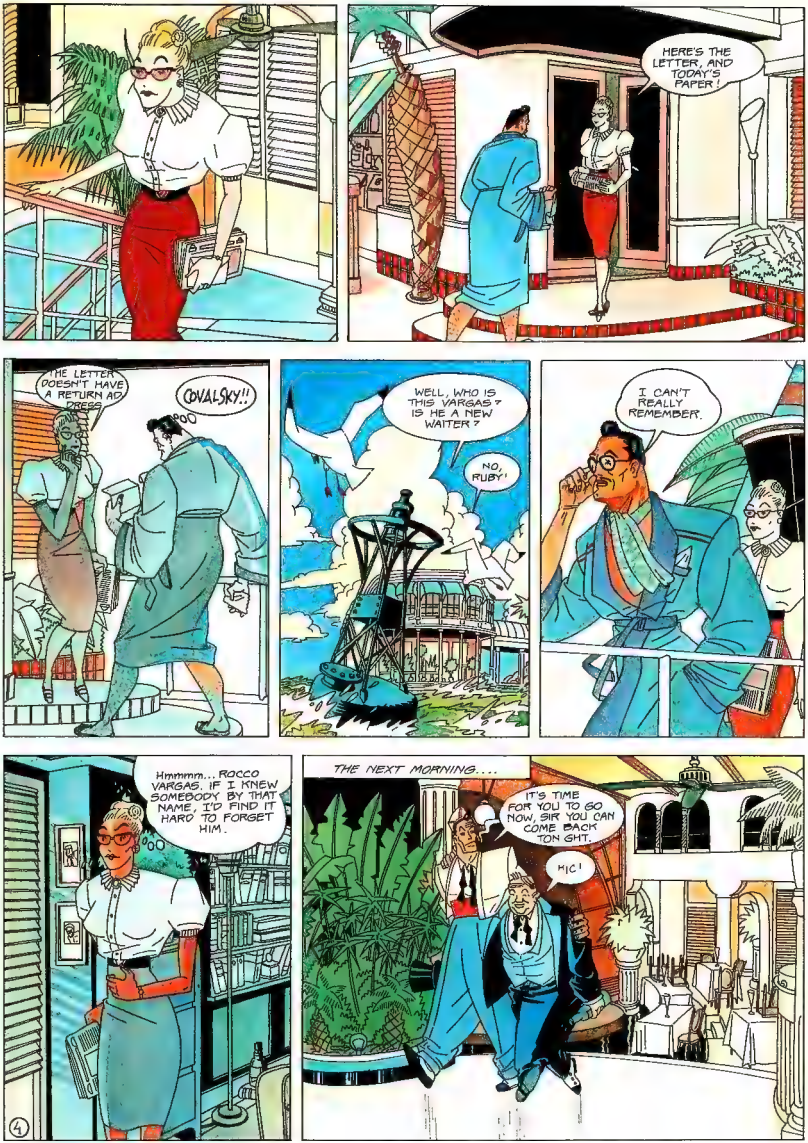


THAT'S IT!
A SMALL MARTIAN, SLIGHTLY MORE THAN A SERVANT MEANDERS OUT.
HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF AN ENDING, SIR? HUH, HAVE YOU?
YES, A SUPERB ENDING, SAMSON!
YOU COULD SAY THE NOVEL'S FIN!
GREAT! STAR THIEVES WILL BE ANOTHER SUCCESS!
MORE COFFEE, SIR?
YES, THANKS, SAMSON!
RRING!
YEAH?
ARMANDO? IT'S RUBY!
WHAT'S UP, DOLL?
I RECEIVED A LETTER TODAY FOR A MR ROCCO VARGAS, BUT I'VE NEVER HEARD OF HIM!
ROCCO? BRING IT OVER!


HERE'S THE LETTER, AND TODAY'S PAPER!
THE LETTER DOESN'T HAVE A RETURN ADDRESS
COVALSKY!!
WELL, WHO IS THIS VARGAS? IS HE A NEW WAITER?
NO, RUBY!
I CAN'T REALLY REMEMBER.
Hmmmm... ROCCO VARGAS. IF I KNEW SOMEBODY BY THAT NAME, I'D FIND IT HARD TO FORGET HIM.
4
THE NEXT MORNING....
IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO GO NOW, SIR. YOU CAN COME BACK TONIGHT.
HIC!

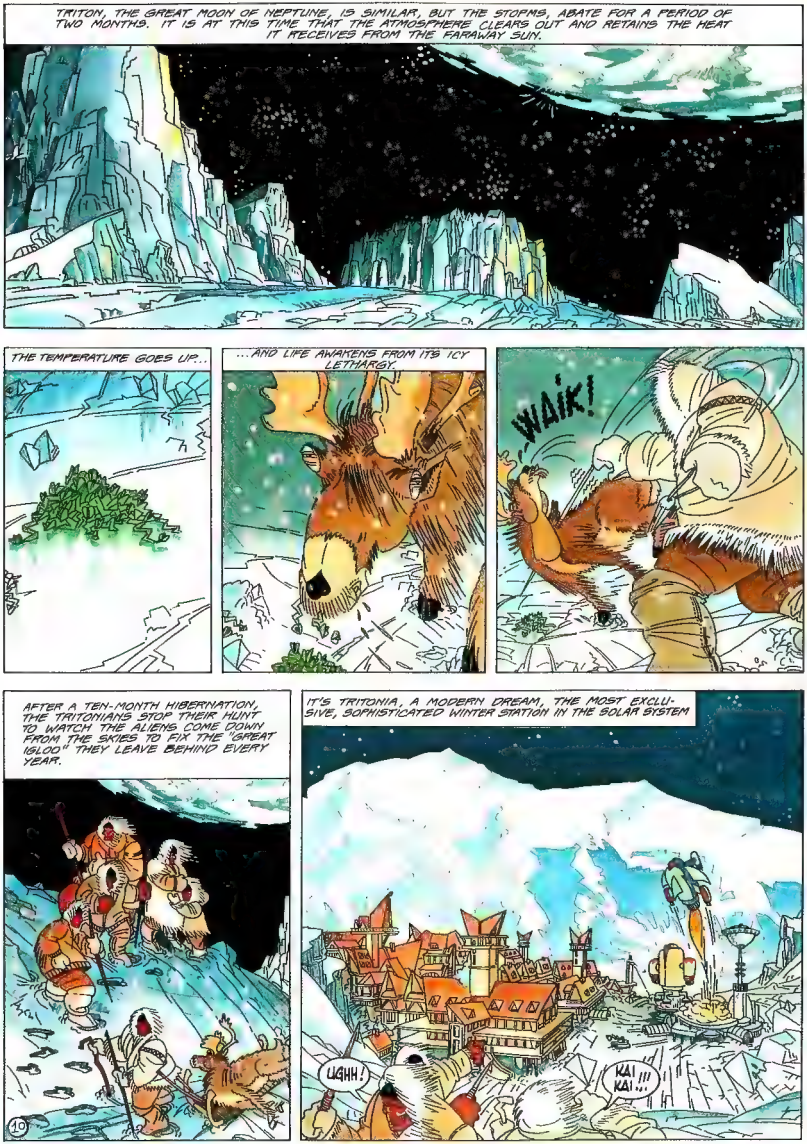
I'LL BE THERE BACK LATER.
GOOD MORNING, MR. MISTRAL'S WAITING FOR ME.
FINE.
OKAY, RAMON. SEND HIM UP TO THE TERRACE.
ROCCO, MY BOY!
DON'T CALL ME THAT, COVALSHY NOT ANYMORE!
HOW DID YOU FIND ME, DOC?
JUST BECAUSE YOU FORGOT ABOUT US, DOESN'T MEAN I FORGOT ABOUT YOU.
OKAY. .OKAY...I GET THE HINT-- WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?
I HAVE A PLAN TO END THE DROUGHT.
IT'S ICE. WE CAN'T COUNT ON NEPTUNE, YOU KNOW WE CAN'T GET IN THERE. BUT, WHAT ABOUT TRITON? YOU REMEMBER THE OLD TIMES THERE, DON'T YOU? WE WERE EXPLORING NEPTUNE'S SATELLITE.
YEAH, YEAH, I REMEMBER.
FOR MONTHS NOW, I HAVE BEEN WORKING WITHOUT A BREAK TO FIND IT. AT LAST, THANKS TO THE TYPOGRAPHICAL MAPS WE DREW OF THE ENTIRE SATELLITE, AND SOME VERY PRECISE ASTRONOMICAL CALCULATIONS...

...I'VE DISCOVERED A FIELD OF GIANT ICEBERGS
TERRIFIC! BUT WHERE DO I FIT INTO ALL OF THIS?
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN BRING THOSE ICEBERGS TO EARTH.
NO!
THEY MUST BE HAULED AWAY FROM THE SATELLITE.
NO!
THE HARDEST THING WILL BE TO ENTER THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE. BUT WHEN YOU DO--HALLELUJAH! --IT WILL RAIN!
NO, THOSE DAYS ARE OVER.
DON'T SAY THAT, I NEED YOUR EXPERTISE.
DOC, THERE ARE PILOTS WHO CAN DO IT FOR YOU BLIND-FOLDED.
6
ROCCO, YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I TRUST.
NO, AND THAT'S FINAL.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S MADE YOU CHANGE LIKE THIS. YOU HAVEN'T ONLY CHANGED YOUR NAME, YOUR VITALITY, YOUR JOIE DE VIVRE IS GONE. I HOPE YOU FIND WHAT YOU WANT THROUGH WRITING. GOOD BYE.

OH!
SORRY!
?
SAMSON, WHO WAS THAT?
SOMEONE WHO WANTS TO TURN THE MASTER INTO AN ICE-DELIVERY BOY.
?
SAY, KEYS, WHO DID YOU SAY THAT LETTER WAS ADDRESSED TO? ROCCO, WHO?
VARGAS!
I'VE TOLD YOU A THOUSAND TIMES NOT TO CALL ME KEYS.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT SPACE ENCYCLOPEDIA?
LOOK AT THIS!
VARGAS
ROCCO A.
On April 12, 1963, Rocco Armando Vargas became the first earthling and also the first who travel
A SPACE HERO!
SAMSON! COFFEE!
QUICK AS A ROCKET, SIR!
ENCICLOPEDIA ESPACIAL

A FEW DAYS LATER, OUTSIDE THE SPACE STATE DEPARTMENT....
DAMNED BUREAUCRATS!
HALF THE WORLD'S DYING FROM THIRST, AND THEY WON'T EVEN LISTEN TO MY PLAN, UNLESS I GO THROUGH THIS RED TAPE.
?
SCREEEEECH!
WHOOM
SCREEEEE
THE PROJECT DIED WITH THE OLD MAN.
WHAT ABOUT HIS DAUGHTER AND ASSISTANT?
THEY WORKED WITH HIM!
COLONEL MUNG, FIND OUT HOW MUCH THOSE TWO KNOW, AND IF IT'S ANYTHING AT ALL, GET RID OF THEM.
HAIL, SATURN!

NEPTUNE, 6,000 MILLION SQUARE KILOMETERS OF COLD, WILD PLANET.
THERE I GOES
THE EXPLORATION SATELLITES SENT BY THE ASTRONAUTICAL PLANET LEAGUE MUST GET THROUGH A STORMY, UNSTABLE ATMOSPHERE...
L.A.P.
9
THE FEW THAT HAVE SUCCEEDED ARE FACED WITH A HUGE, WHITE, ROARING MASS. THE ZOO-BELOW-ZERO TEMPERATURES AT SURFACE LEVEL CONCEAL A HELLISH WORLD OF ICE CRATERS, SPITTING LAVA, THUS CREATING GREAT CATACLISMS AND ICY SURFACE SLIDES...
..TURNING THE PLANET INTO...
SSSSS
...AN INHOSPITABLE WORLD.
KROOM!


TRITON, THE GREAT MOON OF NEPTUNE, IS SIMILAR, BUT THE STORMS ABATE FOR A PERIOD OF TWO MONTHS. IT IS AT THIS TIME THAT THE ATMOSPHERE CLEARS OUT AND RETAINS THE HEAT IT RECEIVES FROM THE FARAWAY SUN.
THE TEMPERATURE GOES UP...
...AND LIFE AWAKENS FROM ITS ICY LETHARGY.
WAIK!
AFTER A TEN-MONTH HIBERNATION, THE TRITONIANS STOP THEIR HUNT TO WATCH THE ALIENS COME DOWN FROM THE SKIES TO FIX THE "GREAT IGLOO" THEY LEAVE BEHIND EVERY YEAR.
IT'S TRITONIA, A MODERN DREAM, THE MOST EXCLUSIVE, SOPHISTICATED WINTER STATION IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM
UGHH!
KAI KAI !!!
10

ONCE A YEAR, AFTER THE RESORTS BEEN PREPARED, THE INTERPLANETARY JET SET ARRIVE TO PARTAKE IN TWO MONTHS OF FUN AND GAMES.

THERE ARE SPORTING GAMES DURING THE SUNNY HOURS, AND SOPHISTICATED PARTIES AT NIGHT.

AND NOW, VIA EARTH, A DIRECT TRANSMISSION FROM THE FAMOUS CLUB MONGO PLEASE WELCOME THE PEPE GUTI CONGO BAND.

AND BACK AT THE INTERSTELLAR VENUE OWNED BY ARMANDO MISTRAL....

HERE'S THE EVENING PAPER, SIR!

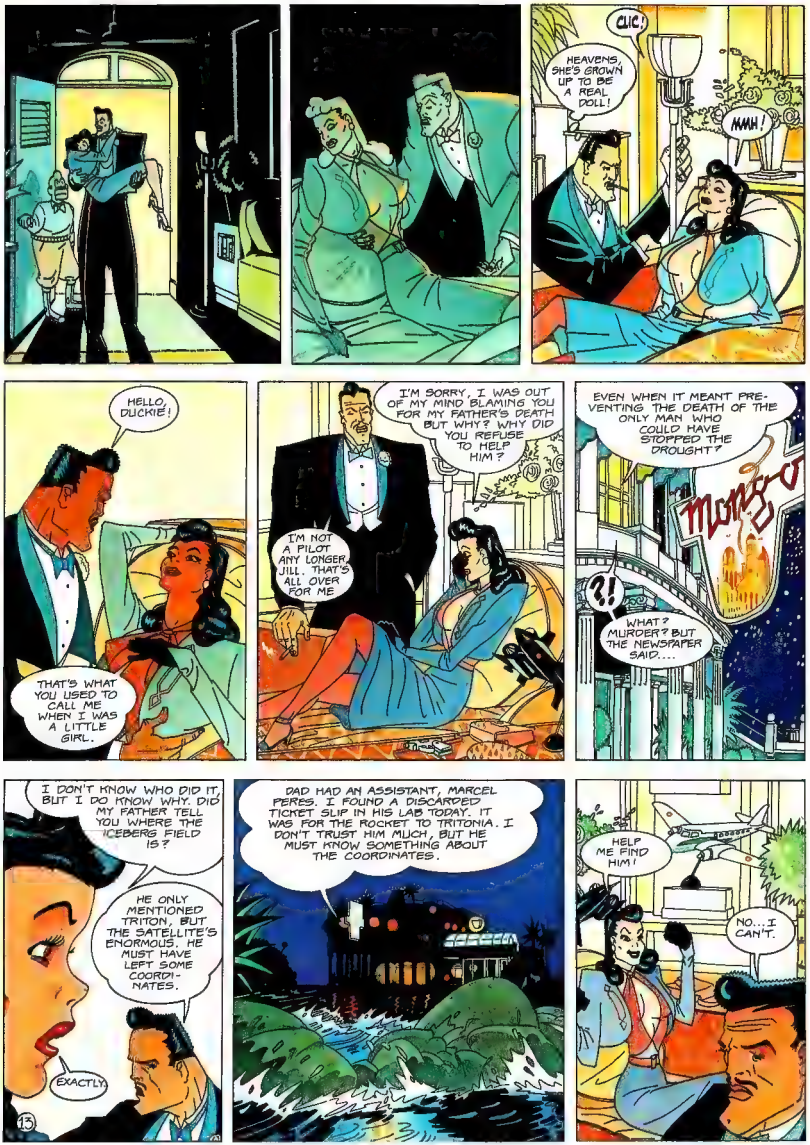
I THOUGHT YOU SHOULD HAVE A LOOK AT IT!

COFFEE, SAMSON, MORE COFFEE

An accident took place today at 11:30 a.m. at the Space State Department on Mars Avenue. According to witnesses, the victim, Dr. Pierre Covalsky, must have tripped on the pavement, before falling under the wheels of several big cars. The victim met an instant death.

Pierre Covalsky, space engineer and space expert found public acclaim 14 years ago, when the first propaxol- -the speed propelled spac- "Faraway Sti- -as built a his-

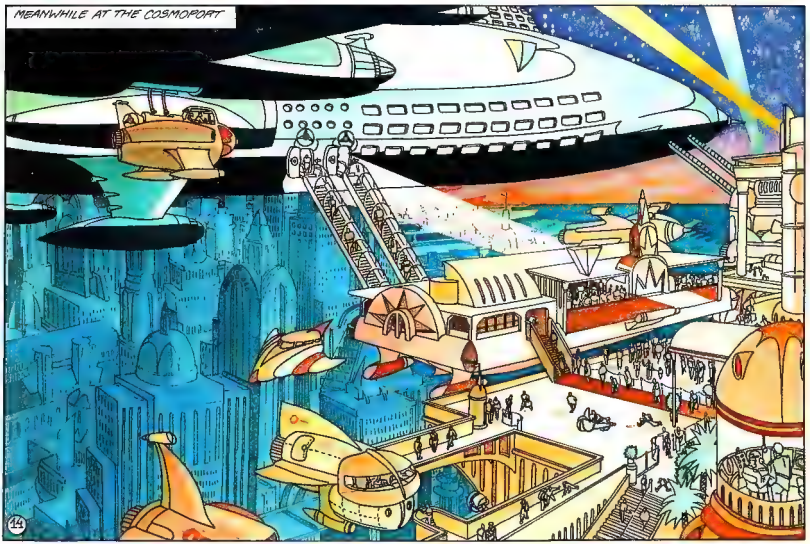
AND WHO IS THIS ARRIVING BY THE HYDROTAXI?
WELCOME, MADAME.
ROCCO VARGAS?
I BEG YOUR PARDON?
I MEAN, MR. ARMANDO MISTRAL.
YES, THE MAN WITH THE NEWS PAPER OVER THERE
BANG!
YOU COULD HURT SOMEONE, MISS!
WHAT THE?
IT'S YOUR FAULT! IT'S YOUR FAULT MY.
JILL COVALSKY!
..FATHER, IS DEAD.
OOOHH!!!
IT'S ALRIGHT, NESTOR, I'LL TAKE HER.
42

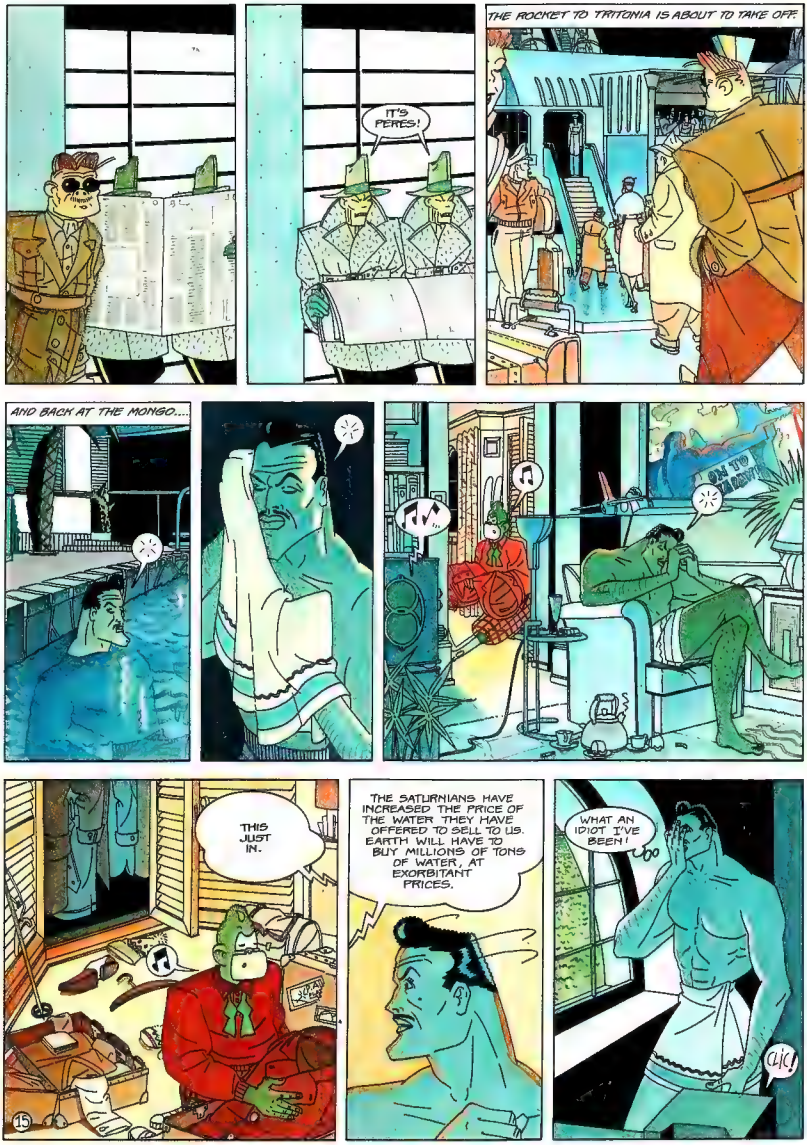

CLIC!
HEAVENS, SHE'S GROWN UP TO BE A REAL DOLL!
MMH!
HELLO, DUCKIE!
THAT'S WHAT YOU USED TO CALL ME WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL.
I'M SORRY, I WAS OUT OF MY MIND BLAMING YOU FOR MY FATHER'S DEATH BUT WHY? WHY DID YOU REFUSE TO HELP HIM?
I'M NOT A PILOT ANY LONGER, JILL. THAT'S ALL OVER FOR ME
EVEN WHEN IT MEANT PREVENTING THE DEATH OF THE ONLY MAN WHO COULD HAVE STOPPED THE DROUGHT?
?!
WHAT? MURDER? BUT THE NEWSPAPER SAID....
I DON'T KNOW WHO DID IT, BUT I DO KNOW WHY. DID MY FATHER TELL YOU WHERE THE ICEBERG FIELD IS?
HE ONLY MENTIONED TRITON, BUT THE SATELLITE'S ENORMOUS. HE MUST HAVE LEFT SOME COORDINATES.
EXACTLY!
13
DAD HAD AN ASSISTANT, MARCEL PERES. I FOUND A DISCARDED TICKET SLIP IN HIS LAB TODAY. IT WAS FOR THE ROCKET TO TRITONIA. I DON'T TRUST HIM MUCH, BUT HE MUST KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE COORDINATES.
HELP ME FIND HIM!
NO...I CAN'T.

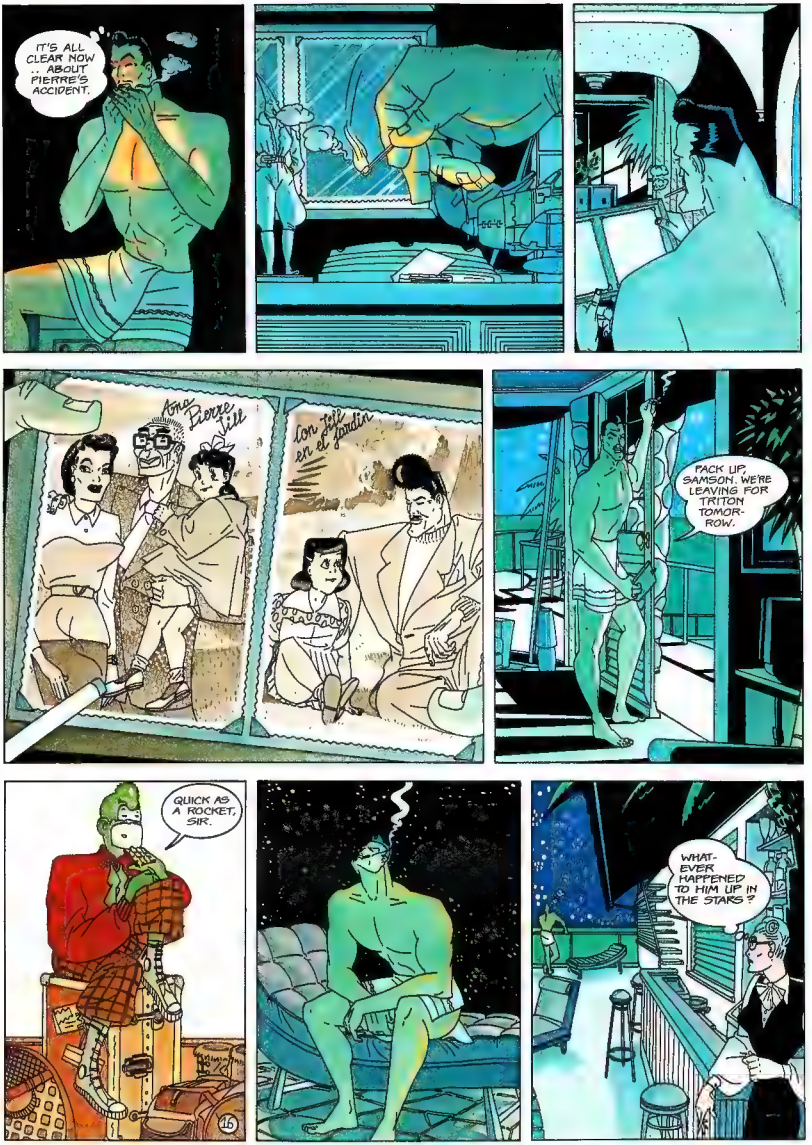
MY FATHER WAS RIGHT. ROCCO VARGAS NO LONGER EXISTS.
TAKE CARE, DON ARMANDO!

BOY, THE BOSS MUST'VE BROKEN A THOUSAND HEARTS IN HIS DAY

YOU DON'T KNOW HIM LIKE I DO, PEPE.


MEANWHILE AT THE COSMOPORT


IT'S PERES!
THE ROCKET TO TRITONIA IS ABOUT TO TAKE OFF.
AND BACK AT THE MONGO....
THIS JUST IN.
THE SATURNIANS HAVE INCREASED THE PRICE OF THE WATER THEY HAVE OFFERED TO SELL TO US. EARTH WILL HAVE TO BUY MILLIONS OF TONS OF WATER, AT EXORBITANT PRICES.
WHAT AN IDIOT I'VE BEEN!
CLIC!
15


IT'S ALL CLEAR NOW ... ABOUT PIERRE'S ACCIDENT.
Ana Pierre Jill
Con Jill en el jardín
PACK UP, SAMSON. WE'RE LEAVING FOR TRITON TOMORROW.
QUICK AS A ROCKET, SIR.
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO HIM UP IN THE STARS?

TO BE CONTINUED

# Erotica, Exotica, Sexy

They're all here in these magnificent Japanese illustrated books.

## "WOMEN"

### drawings by 77 Japanese Illustrators

There has never been an art book so gloriously devoted to the subject of woman. A dizzying visual trip to a world of surreal nudes, high-fashion models, traditional Japanese maidens, punk rockers, and Marilyn Monroe. One hundred and sixty pages (128 in color), printed on heavy coated paper with a special clear plastic jacket. Although the limited text and captions are in Japanese, the wonderful illustrations speak for themselves. **$27.50** (plus $3 for shipping).

## SEXY ROBOTS

### by Hajime Sorayama

Sorayama's striking, sexy robots have graced the covers of our own *Heavy Metal* as well as Japan's illustration magazine, *Manga*. The author's introduction best categorizes his style: "I try to combine robots and eroticism." About his pinups: "I like a firm build. The face, too. I feel that a bad woman type is more sexy. I draw the leg from the knee down long, too. Of course it's easier to draw them as clumps of fat, but I think it's sexier to see muscles." There's even a section detailing his technique in pictures. Text in Japanese. **$25.00** (plus $2 for shipping).

# Robots, and Harumi Gals.

No coffee table should be without them.

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**by Harumi Yamaguchi**

This giant-sized book (12" × 14") will cover your whole coffee table. It features the work of Japan's leading woman illustrator, Harumi Yamaguchi. Harumi is a master of the airbrush technique, whether drawing partially clad women in baseball and boxing posters or lingerie models in unusual situations. Every page in this book would make a terrific framed poster.
An international bestseller. Text in Japanese. **$27.50** (plus $3 for shipping).

*Be the first on your block to own these gorgeous Japanese art books. They make perfect gifts for the holidays. These books are not generally available in the U.S. Order now while our limited supply lasts.*

*There is no postage charge if you order all three books. All foreign countries, add $5. All checks or money orders must be payable within the continental U.S.A. New York residents, please add 8.25 percent sales tax. DO NOT SEND CASH*

- ☐ **"WOMEN" drawings** $27.50 (plus $3 shipping)
- ☐ **HARUMI GALS** $27.50 (plus $3 shipping)
- ☐ **SEXY ROBOTS** $25.00 (plus $2 shipping)

Total amount enclosed $ _____

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CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

*MAIL ORDER TO HEAVY METAL Dept 1184, 635 Madison Avenue New York, N.Y 10022*

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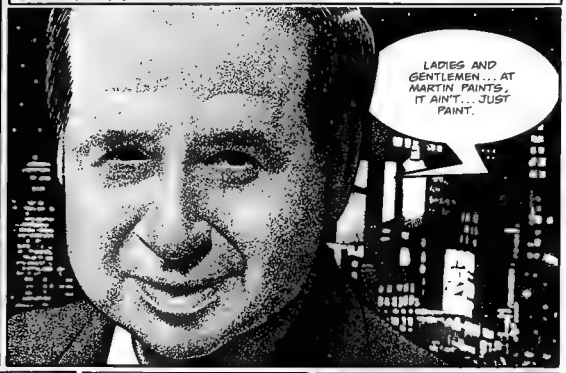
# THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING JOE FRANKLIN

THE INCREDIBLE EVENT NO MAN CAN EXPLAIN

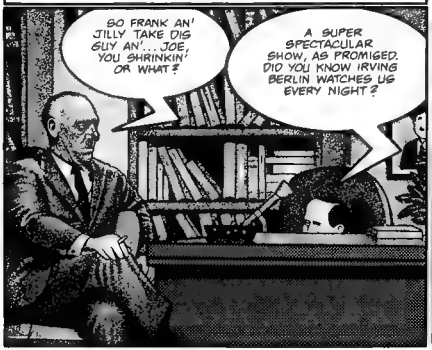



HOSTING A TALK SHOW FOR THIRTY YEARS HAD NOT PREPARED HIM FOR THESE STARTLING EVENTS

INDEED, STRANGE RUMBLINGS IN HIS BODY WERE STARTING TO CAUSE HIM CONCERN.

A SERIES OF PHYSICAL EXAMINATIONS WERE PERFORMED. THE PROGNOSIS WAS IN .

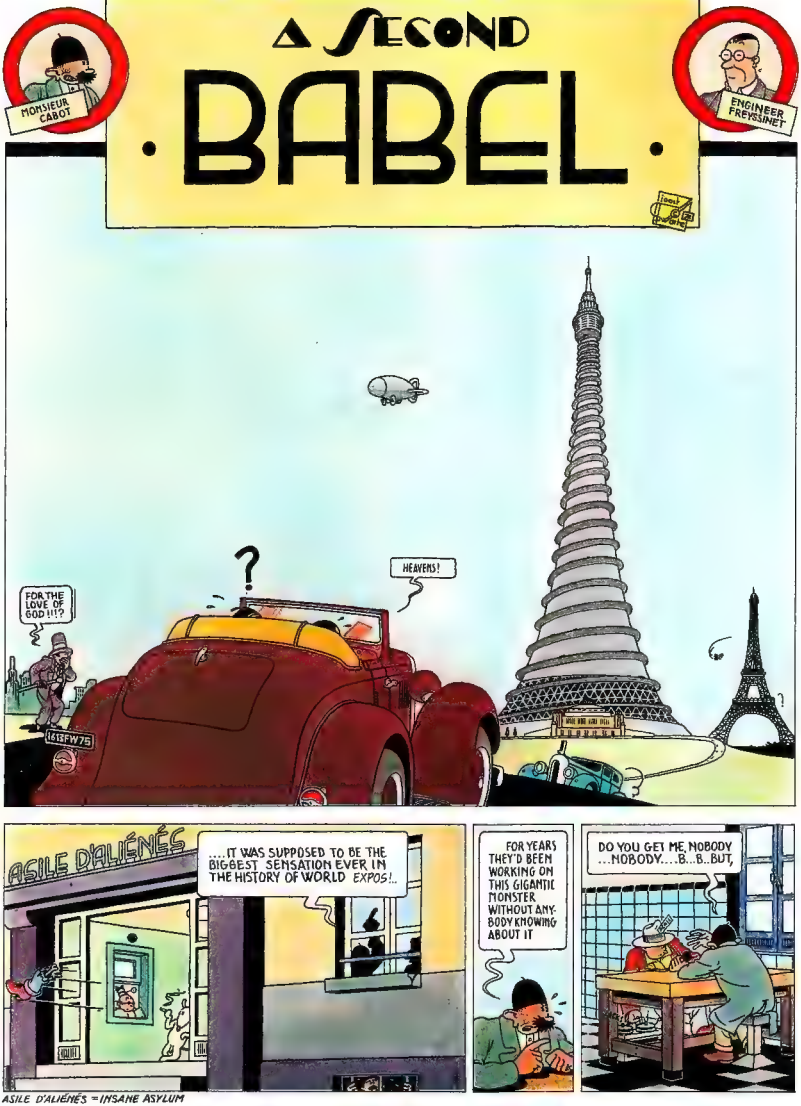
A WEEK LATER, IT DIDN'T TAKE AN EINSTEIN TO NOTICE A SIZEABLE CHANGE IN THE BELOVED HOST.


SO FRANK AN' JILLY TAKE DIS GUY AN'.. JOE YOU SHRINKIN' OR WHAT?
A SUPER SPECTACULAR SHOW, AS PROMIGED. DID YOU KNOW IRVING BERLIN WATCHES US EVERY NIGHT?

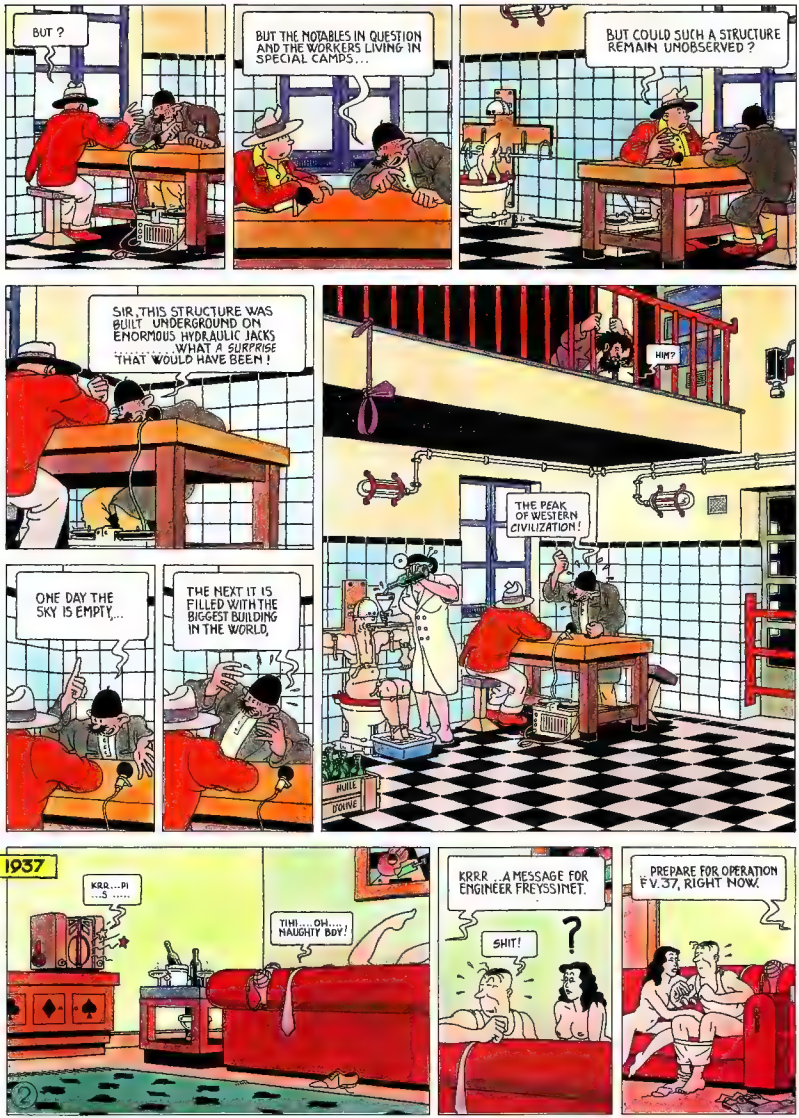
A MEETING OF THE WOR-TV CHAIRMEN OF THE BOARD WAS CALLED TO DETERMINE HIS FUTURE WITH THE COMPANY.

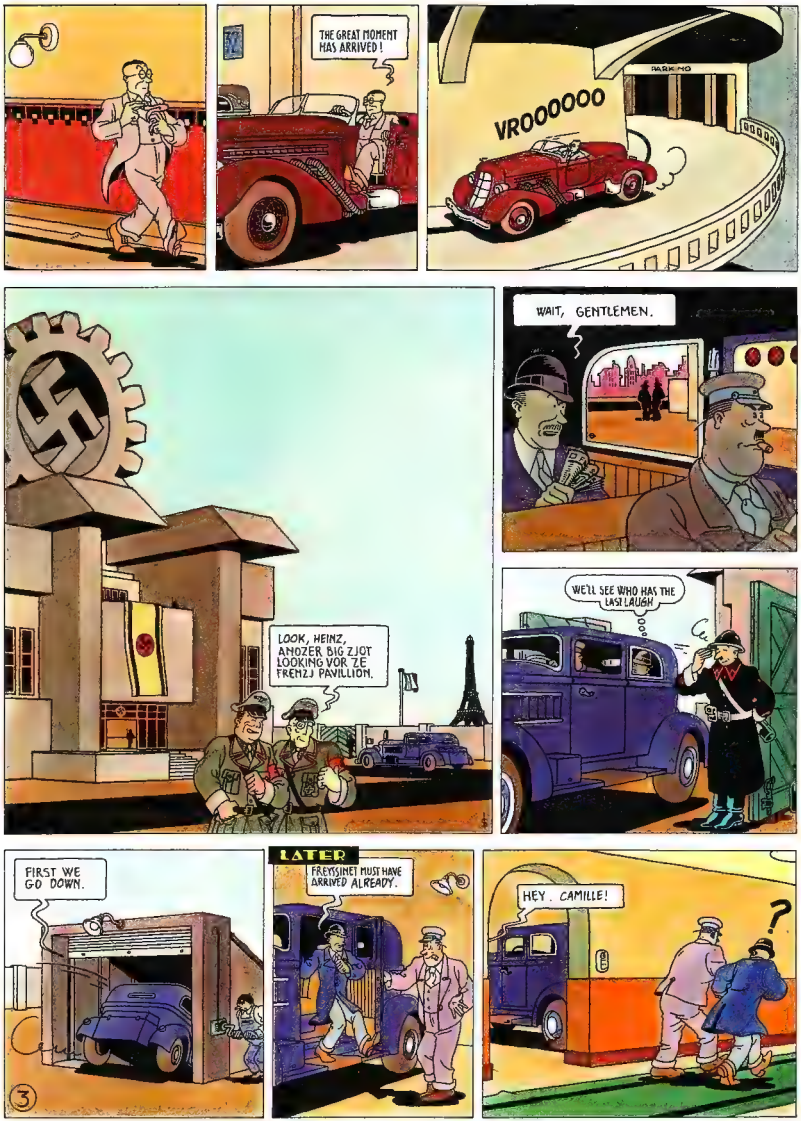
JOE, VIEWERS ARE COMPLAINING. I'M AFRAID WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO LET YOU GO.
REALLY? BUT I HAVE GEORGIE JESSEL LINED UP FOR NEXT WEEK.
TO BE CONTINUED

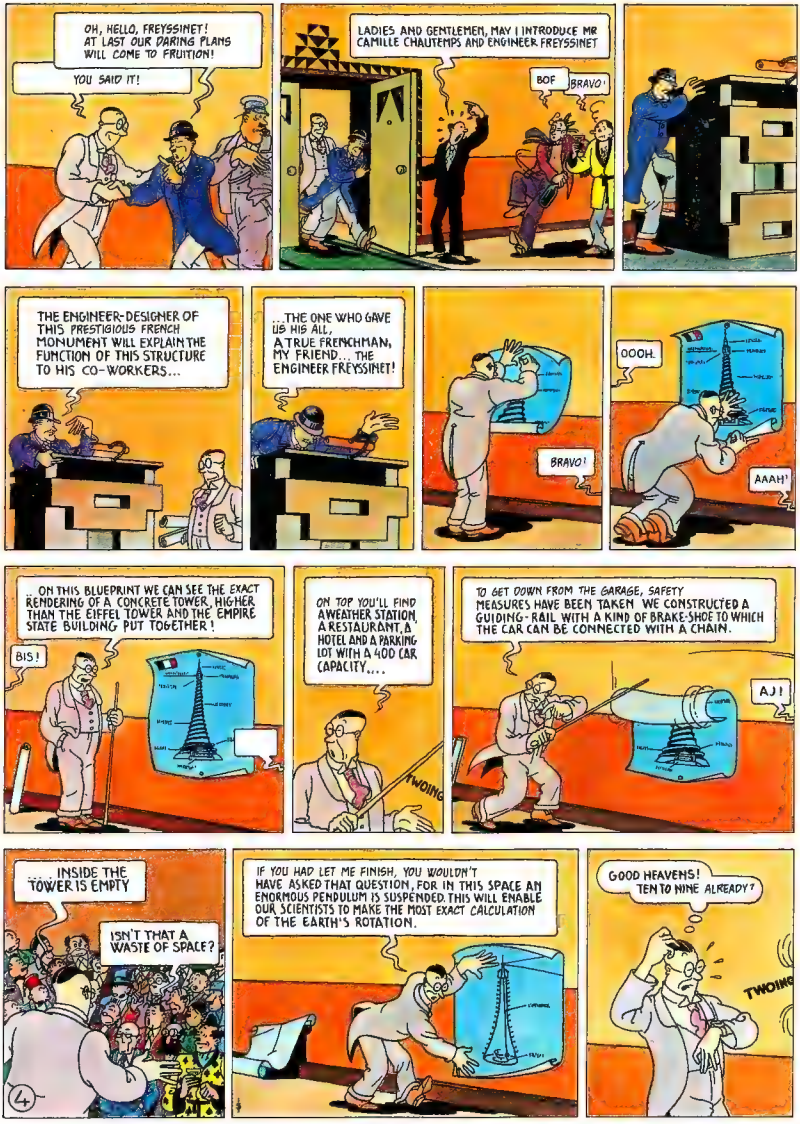
# A SECOND BABEL


MONSIEUR CABOT
ENGINEER FREYSSINET
FOR THE LOVE OF GOD!!!?
?
HEAVENS!
618FW75
ASILE D'ALIÉNÉS
....IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THE BIGGEST SENSATION EVER IN THE HISTORY OF WORLD EXPOS!..
FOR YEARS THEY'D BEEN WORKING ON THIS GIGANTIC MONSTER, WITHOUT ANYBODY KNOWING ABOUT IT
DO YOU GET ME, NOBODY ...NOBODY....B...B...BUT,

ASILE D'ALIÉNÉS = INSANE ASYLUM

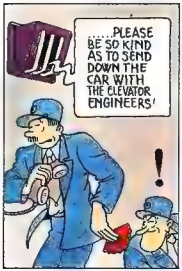

BUT ?
BUT THE NOTABLES IN QUESTION AND THE WORKERS LIVING IN SPECIAL CAMPS...
BUT COULD SUCH A STRUCTURE REMAIN UNOBSERVED ?
SIR, THIS STRUCTURE WAS BUILT UNDERGROUND ON ENORMOUS HYDRAULIC JACKS ..... WHAT A SURPRISE THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN !
HIM?
THE PEAK OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION !
ONE DAY THE SKY IS EMPTY...
THE NEXT IT IS FILLED WITH THE BIGGEST BUILDING IN THE WORLD.
HUILE
D'OLIVE
1937
KRR....PI ....S .....
TIHI.....OH..... NAUGHTY BOY!
KRRR .. A MESSAGE FOR ENGINEER FREYSSINET.
SHIT!
?
PREPARE FOR OPERATION F.V.37, RIGHT NOW.


THE GREAT MOMENT HAS ARRIVED!
VROOOOOO
PARKING
WAIT, GENTLEMEN.
LOOK, HEINZ, AMOZER BIG ZJOT LOOKING VOR ZE FREMZJ PAVILLION.
WE'LL SEE WHO HAS THE LAST LAUGH
FIRST WE GO DOWN.
3
LATER
FREYSINET MUST HAVE ARRIVED ALREADY.
HEY. CAMILLE!
?

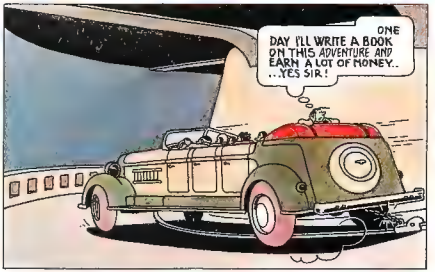

OH, HELLO, FREYSSINET! AT LAST OUR DARING PLANS WILL COME TO FRUITION!
YOU SAID IT!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MAY I INTRODUCE MR CAMILLE CHAUTEMPS AND ENGINEER FREYSSINET
BOF
BRAVO!
THE ENGINEER-DESIGNER OF THIS PRESTIGIOUS FRENCH MONUMENT WILL EXPLAIN THE FUNCTION OF THIS STRUCTURE TO HIS CO-WORKERS...
...THE ONE WHO GAVE US HIS ALL, A TRUE FRENCHMAN, MY FRIEND... THE ENGINEER FREYSSINET!
BRAVO!
OOOH.
AAAH!
... ON THIS BLUEPRINT WE CAN SEE THE EXACT RENDERING OF A CONCRETE TOWER, HIGHER THAN THE EIFFEL TOWER AND THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, PUT TOGETHER!
BIS!
ON TOP YOU'LL FIND A WEATHER STATION, A RESTAURANT, A HOTEL AND A PARKING LOT WITH A 400 CAR CAPACITY....
TWOING
TO GET DOWN FROM THE GARAGE, SAFETY MEASURES HAVE BEEN TAKEN. WE CONSTRUCTED A GUIDING-RAIL WITH A KIND OF BRAKE-SHOE TO WHICH THE CAR CAN BE CONNECTED WITH A CHAIN.
AJ!
... INSIDE THE TOWER IS EMPTY
ISN'T THAT A WASTE OF SPACE?
IF YOU HAD LET ME FINISH, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE ASKED THAT QUESTION, FOR IN THIS SPACE AN ENORMOUS PENDULUM IS SUSPENDED. THIS WILL ENABLE OUR SCIENTISTS TO MAKE THE MOST EXACT CALCULATION OF THE EARTH'S ROTATION.
GOOD HEAVENS! TEN TO NINE ALREADY?
TWOING

EXACTLY ...LET'S GET ON WITH IT !
BRAVO!
BRAVO! VIVE LA FRANCE
YEP!

OPERATION ARE CAN COMMENCE.

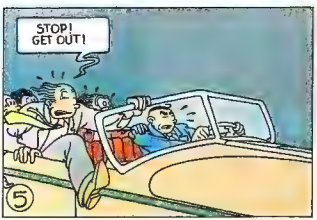

.....PLEASE BE SO KIND AS TO SEND DOWN THE CAR WITH THE ELEVATOR ENGINEERS!

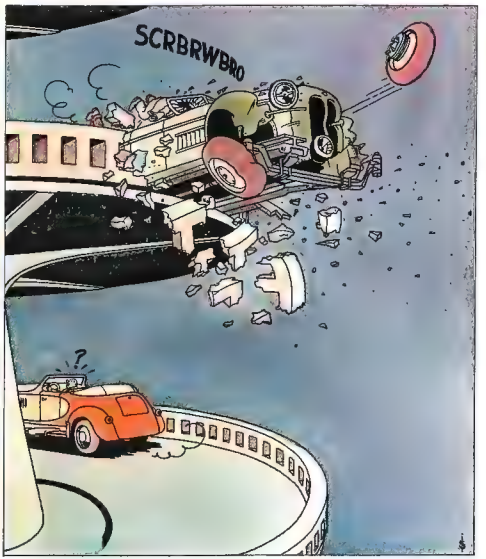
THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY. THEY WILL BE DOWN IN A MINUTE.


ONE DAY I'LL WRITE A BOOK ON THIS ADVENTURE AND EARN A LOT OF MONEY.. ...YES SIR!

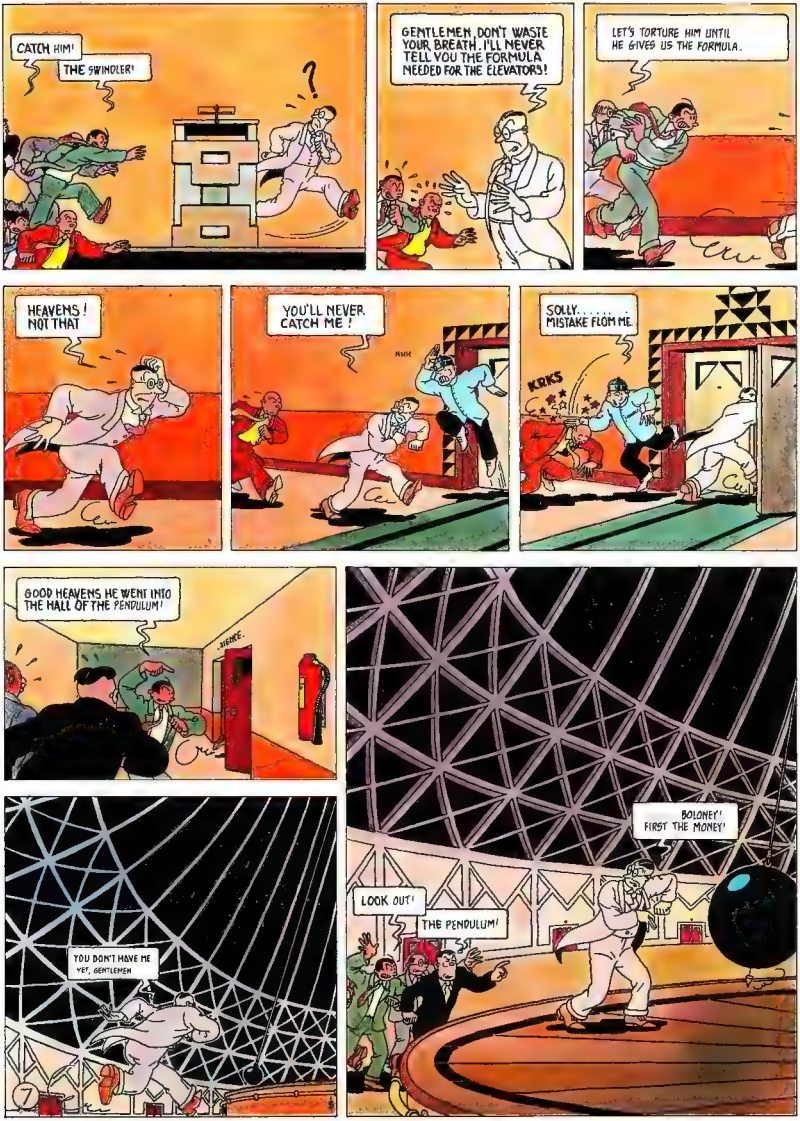
STOP! THE SECURITY CHAIN HAS BROKEN. HELP US. STOP!

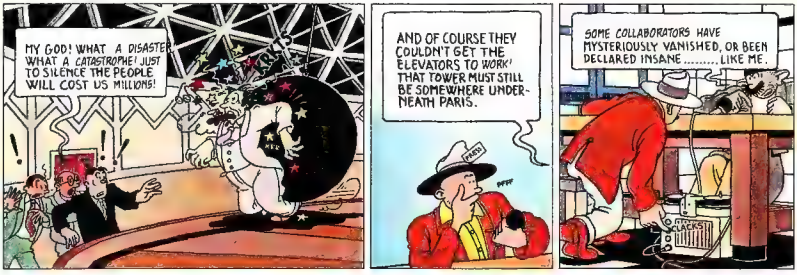
TWOING!

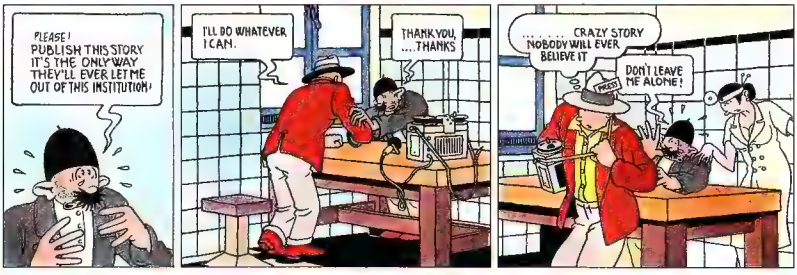

STOP! GET OUT!
5

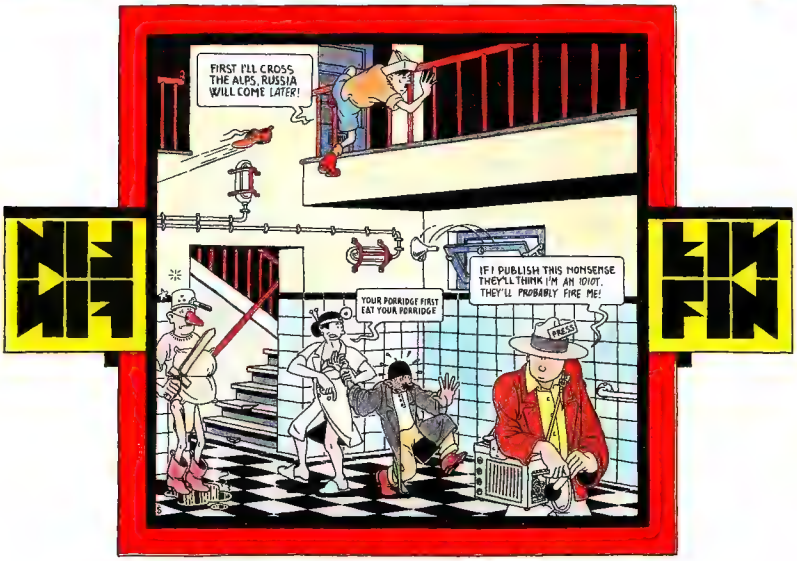

SCRBRWBRO

TKRRRC
YES?!....
.....
.....
BUT.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! I JUST RECEIVED A TRAGIC MESSAGE!
THE CAR WITH THE ELEVATOR ENGINEERS HAS MET WITH AN ACCIDENT ON THE SPIRAL ROAD, AND HAS FALLEN INTO THE CONSTRUCTION PIT.
THERE ARE NO SURVIVORS
PARDON?
MISTER CHAUTEMPS?
DO YOU FEEL OKAY?
HE FAINTED. WHAT SHOULD WE DO?
BLAVO!
FREYSSINET CAN WORK THE ELEVATORS! HE KNOWS THE FORMULA!
LONG LIVE FREYSSINET
... ALL RIGHT. I'LL DO WHAT I CAN TO SAVE THE NATION'S IMAGE!
BRAVO!
CLAP CLAP
HOWEVER, THIS DEMANDS A DEGREE OF CONCENTRATION AND RESPONSIBILITY THAT'S ALMOST UNENDURABLE ..... HRM..... WE SHOULD BE COMPENSATED.
6
PERSONALLY I WAS THINKING ABOUT SOMETHING LIKE 50 MILLION FRANCS.
?
BUT THAT'S BLACKMAIL!
EXTORTION!
BANDITISM!
PREFERABLY IN CASH!


CATCH HIM!
THE SWINDLER!
?
GENTLEMEN, DON'T WASTE YOUR BREATH. I'LL NEVER TELL YOU THE FORMULA NEEDED FOR THE ELEVATORS!
LET'S TORTURE HIM UNTIL HE GIVES US THE FORMULA.
HEAVENS! NOT THAT
YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME!
MMM
SOLLY..... MISTAKE FROM ME.
KRKS
GOOD HEAVENS HE WENT INTO THE HALL OF THE PENDULUM!
SWISH
YOU DON'T HAVE ME YET, GENTLEMEN
7
BOLONEY! FIRST THE MONEY!
LOOK OUT!
THE PENDULUM!


MY GOD! WHAT A DISASTER! WHAT A CATASTROPHE! JUST TO SILENCE THE PEOPLE WILL COST US MILLIONS!
AND OF COURSE THEY COULDN'T GET THE ELEVATORS TO WORK! THAT TOWER MUST STILL BE SOMEWHERE UNDERNEATH PARIS.
PRESS!
SOME COLLABORATORS HAVE MYSTERIOUSLY VANISHED, OR BEEN DECLARED INSANE..... LIKE ME.
CLACK CLACK


PLEASE! PUBLISH THIS STORY IT'S THE ONLY WAY THEY'LL EVER LET ME OUT OF THIS INSTITUTION!
I'LL DO WHATEVER I CAN.
THANK YOU, ...THANKS
..... CRAZY STORY NOBODY WILL EVER BELIEVE IT
PRESS!
DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE!


FIRST I'LL CROSS THE ALPS, RUSSIA WILL COME LATER!
IF I PUBLISH THIS NONSENSE THEY'LL THINK I'M AN IDIOT. THEY'LL PROBABLY FIRE ME!
YOUR PORRIDGE FIRST EAT YOUR PORRIDGE
PRESS!

# THE GREAT PASSAGE by Jeronaton

LAST WE READ, TOPSANNAH WENT TO THE GREAT GOD KUKULKAR FOR ADVICE ON HOW TO FIND HER BROTHER. THE GREAT GOD TRANSFORMED HER INTO AN EAGLE, WHEREUPON SHE FLEW THROUGH THE GREAT PASSAGE IN HER QUEST FOR KOTSOTA.

SEE FOR YOURSELF. HERE WE ARE OVER PARAMONGA, THE PRINCIPAL CITADEL OF CHIMUS. THE QUETCHUAS ARE TRYING TO ATTACK IT.
THE INCA IS A POWERFUL MONARCH. THE CANARIS, THE CHIBCHAS, THE CHANCAS, AND MANY OTHER NATIONS HAVE BUCKLED UNDER HIS RULE. THE CHIMUS HAVE NO CHANCE.
AND THIS IS WAR. SHOUTS OF HATRED AND TERROR, MEN DESTROYING EACH OTHER. THESE ARE THINGS MY BROTHER COULDN'T ACCEPT.

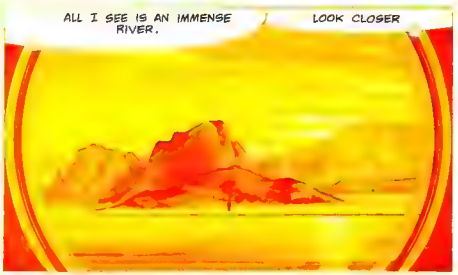
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? THE INCAS DON'T SEE THEMSELVES AS WARLIKE. THEY SIMPLY BELIEVE THAT THEY SPREAD THE BENEFITS OF THEIR CIVILIZATION
DO YOU WANT TO SEE THE SUN? BEFORE US IS THE METROPOLIS OF TAHUANTISUYU, THE EMPIRE OF THE SUN. THE TEMPLE OF DIVINITY IS AT THE TOP OF THE HILL. GOODBYE AND GOOD LUCK.

THIS MUST BE THE HEART OF THE TEMPLE. AND THAT MUST BE THE EFFIGY OF GOD. WHAT CAN I EXPECT THIS TIME?

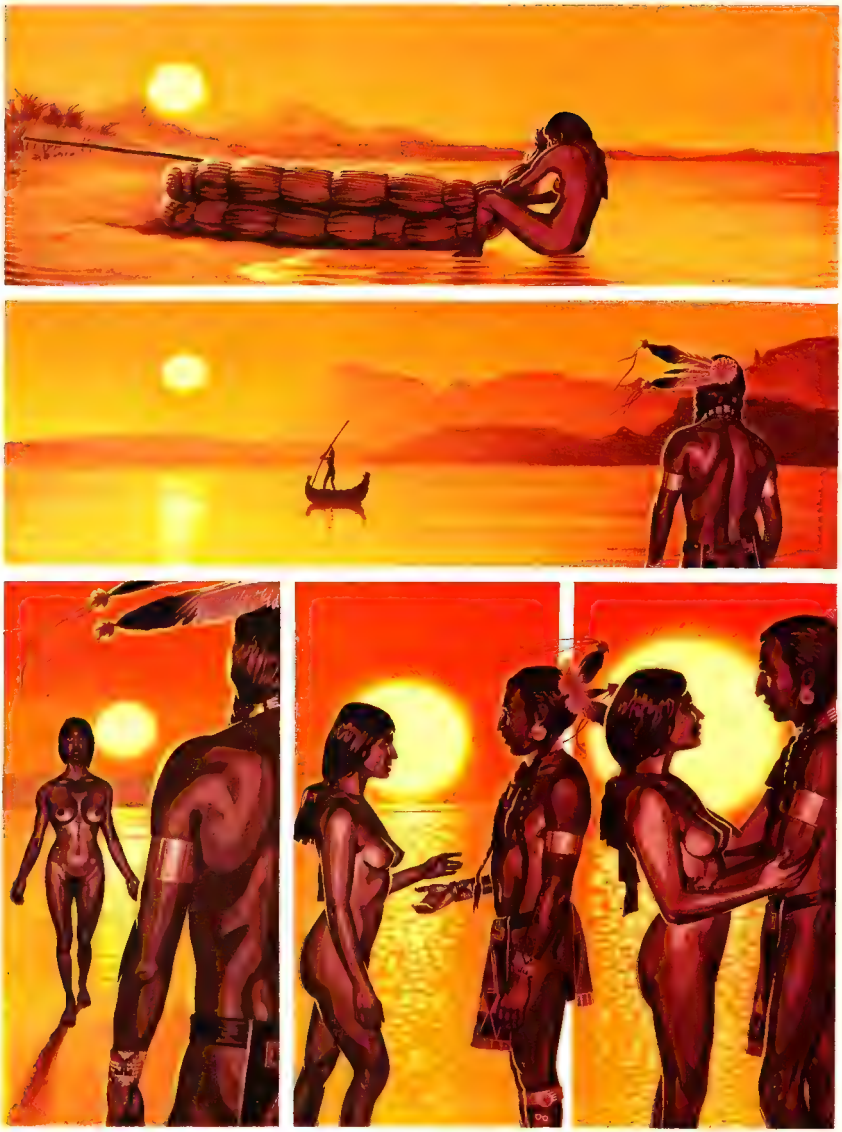
OH, VIRACOCHA, GOD OF THE INCAS, IS THAT YOU BEHIND THE GLISTENING LIGHT?

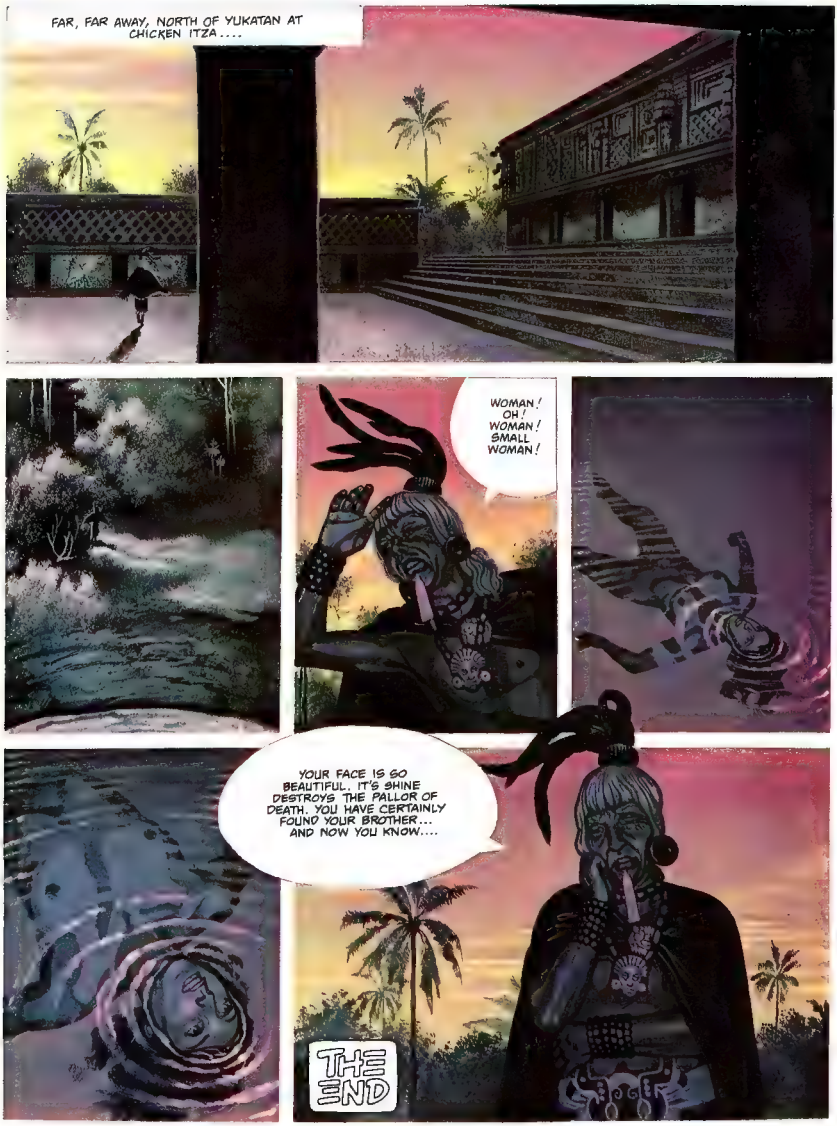
IT IS. CLOSE YOUR EYES SO MY GLOW DOES NOT BLIND YOU. I HEAR QUETZALCOATL'S CALL, AND I'VE COME TO HELP YOU, TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS, BECAUSE I KNOW WHAT BRINGS YOU TO ME.

WHERE IS MY BROTHER?
THE MEN KILLED HIM AS HE TRIED TO UNDERSTAND THEM. BUT HE IS NOT FAR. LOOK INTO THE GOLDEN SUN FROM WHICH I EMERGED.


ALL I SEE IS AN IMMENSE RIVER.
LOOK CLOSER

KOTSOTA!
MY BROTHER! HE'S ALIVE! OH, VIRACOCHA, HOW CAN I REACH HIM? HAS HE ACHIEVED HIS GOAL? I CANNOT HEAR HIS VOICE, HE'S TOO FAR....
HE NO LONGER SPEAKS THE SAME LANGUAGE AS THE LIVING, BUT YOU MUST BELIEVE THAT HE HAS FOUND THE ANSWERS.
AND WHAT ARE THEY?
DO YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW THEM?
YES! WITH ALL MY STRENGTH, I WANT TO JOIN MY BROTHER!
AS YOU WISH. DO YOU SEE THE SMALL REED BOAT ON THE RIVER BANK? USE IT TO CROSS THE WATER. GOODBYE!




FAR, FAR AWAY, NORTH OF YUKATAN AT CHICKEN ITZA....
WOMAN! OH! WOMAN! SMALL WOMAN!
YOUR FACE IS SO BEAUTIFUL. IT'S SHINE DESTROYS THE PALLOR OF DEATH. YOU HAVE CERTAINLY FOUND YOUR BROTHER... AND NOW YOU KNOW....
THE END

christin·bilal

# The Hunting Party

LAST WE READ, THE HIGH-RANKING COMMUNIST PARTY OFFICIALS REMINISCED, WHILE AWAITING THE MYSTERIOUS GREAT HUNT THAT THEY HAD ALL BEEN CALLED TOGETHER FOR.

VASSILI ALEXANDROVITCH, WE SHALL NOW BE SEATED TO DINE.
WHAT WERE YOU TALKING ABOUT THAT DEPRESSED HIM SO, JANOS?
OH, BUDAPEST IN 1956.
PERFECTLY INSANE, YOUR IDIOTIC COUNTER REVOLUTION.
I ACTUALLY BELIEVE THAT IT WAS THE CZECKS WHO ACTED STUPIDLY.
WHAT HAPPENED A DECADE EARLIER MUST HAVE BEEN A RUDE AWAKENING.
I BEG YOUR PARDON, COMRADE NICOLESCU, BUT IT WAS OUR PARTY ITSELF THAT TRIED TO REVIVE SOCIALISM IN THE LATE 1960S... NOT THE ELEMENTS!
ELEMENTS? WHAT ELEMENTS? OH, WHY DO I WASTE MY BREATH?
INTERPRETER!
YES, COMRADE.
SIT DOWN, PLEASE!
YOU WILL EXPLAIN, IN THEIR RESPECTIVE BARBARIC LANGUAGES, EXACTLY WHAT I THINK ABOUT HISTORICAL REALITIES TO THESE POOR, ILL-INFORMED COMRADES.
JANOS, I'D LIKE TO TRANSLATE, BUT....

BUT NOTHING, SERGUEI CHAVANIDZE DOESN'T LIKE THIS KIND OF TALK.
BUT OF COURSE, HE'D RATHER HEAR WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY...
WHAT'S THE POINT? WE'LL STILL HEAR ABOUT OUR PETIT-BOURGEOIS NATIONALISM.
WHAT'S GOING ON? I...I TRANS-LATE OR....
YOU DO WHAT YOU CAN TO EUPHEMIZE, OLD MAN.
AND TRY NOT TO SPOIL OUR MEAL. THIS IS SUPERB CAVIAR BROUGHT FROM THE GREAT NATION OF REAL SOCIALISM BY OUR NEW BENEFACTOR, SERGUEI CHAVANIDZE.
HERE'S TO THE COUNTRY OF THE REVOLUTION!
AND TO ITS EMINENT REPRESENTATIVES, ALEXANDROVITCH TCHEVTCHENKO AND SERGUEI CHAVANIDZE!
AND TO ITS EXTREMELY MARXIST STURGEONS!
HA, HA, HA!
I THINK ALL THIS WOULD BE EVEN BETTER WITH THE WINE THAT WAS PROMISED, WOULDN'T YOU SAY, WAITER?
PROSZĘ, PRZYNIESZ BIAŁE WINO?
DOBRZE PROSZĘ, PANA..
THOSE PEA-BRAINED POLES!
COME ON, GUNTHER, CALM DOWN....

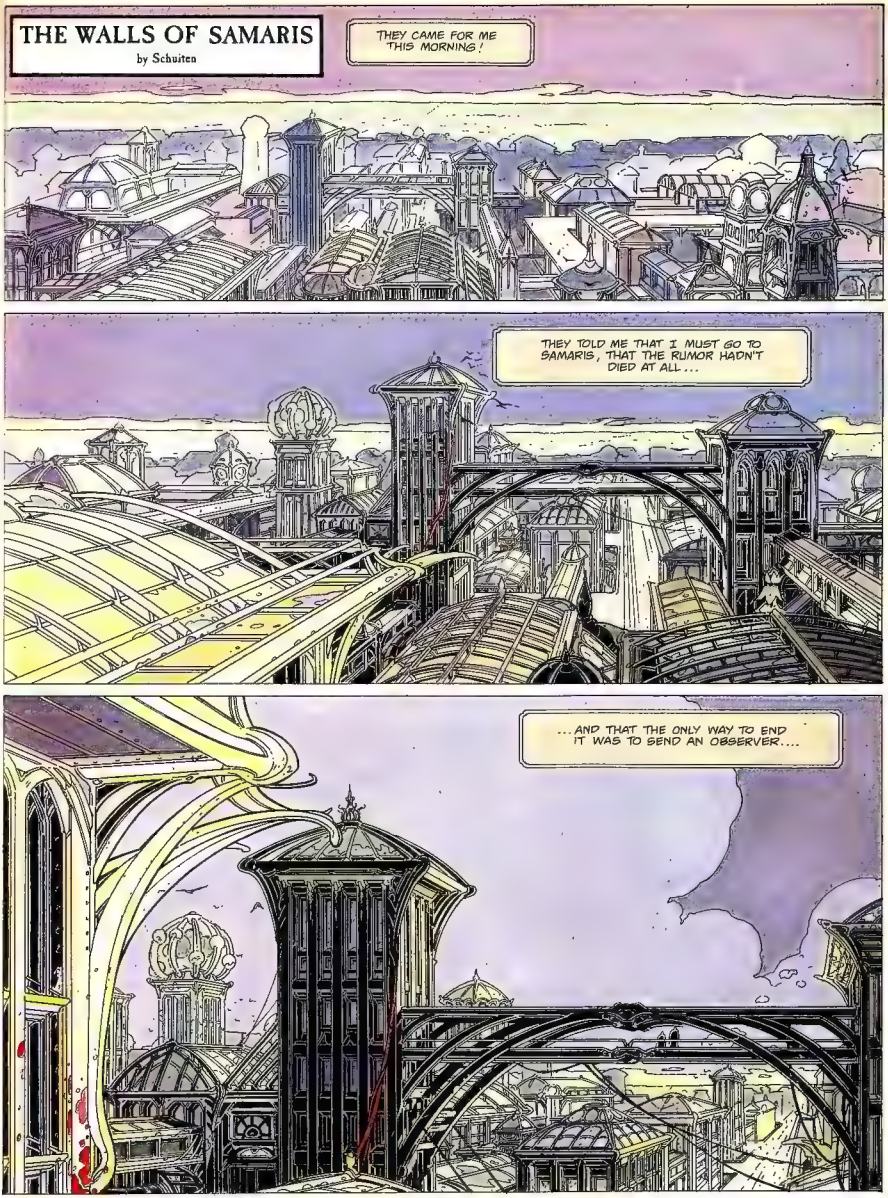
НЕ ХОТИТЕ ЛИ ВЫ ЧТОБЫ ШАШКИ, ВАССИЛИ АЛЕКСАНДРОВИЧ?
БРООО...
LOOK, AS USUAL SERGUEI TRIES TO MEASURE UP TO VASSILI IN CHESS.
AND, AS USUAL..
HE'S GOING TO LOSE....
СПОКОЙНОЙ НОЧИ...
...AND HE IS A TERRIBLE LOSER....
OKAY, WE'RE ALL GOING TO BED NOW! TOMORROW WILL BE A VERY BIG DAY!
OUR ROOMS ARE JUST AFTER VASSILI ALEXANDROVITCH'S.
WHAT COULD BE ON HIS MIND?
WHO KNOWS?

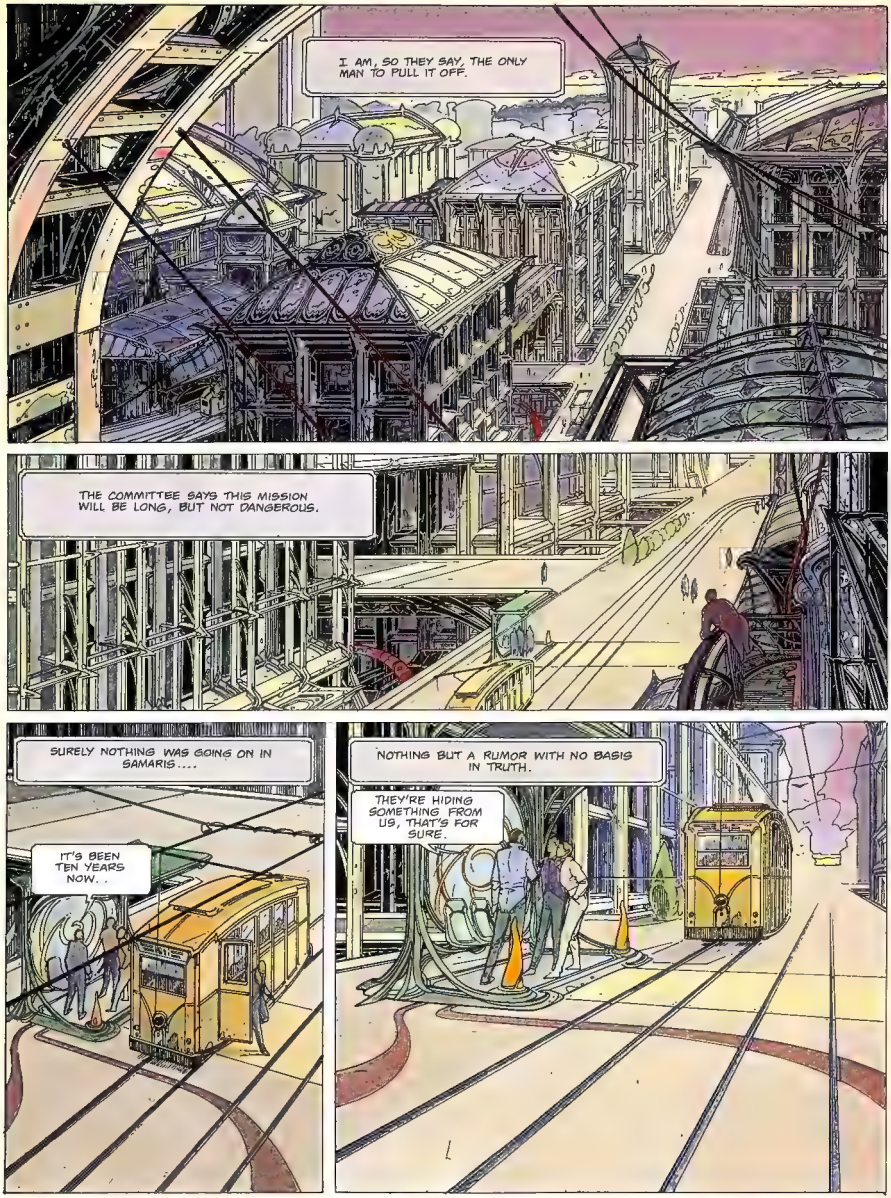
THE PAST, UNDOUBTEDLY.
WHICH HAPPENS ALL THE TIME.
BUT THE PAST ALL MELTS TOGETHER...
....AND CONTRADICT EACH OTHER....
YOU SEE, VASSILI ALEXANDROVITCH IS A MAN OF THE PRESENT....
PERHAPS HE PROJECTS HIMSELF INTO THE FUTURE, AS YOU AND I DO.
WELL, GOOD NIGHT, MY FRIEND. GOOD NIGHT.

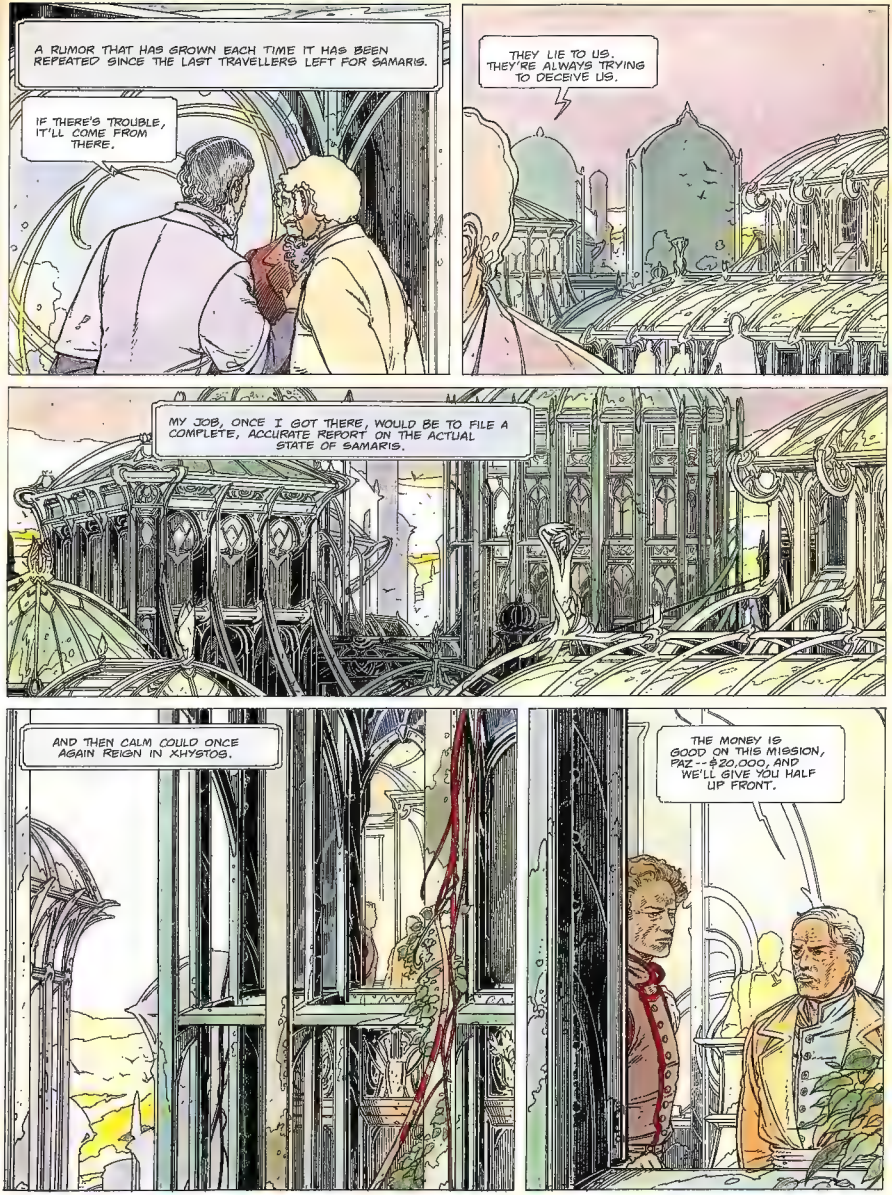
DID EVERYONE SLEEP WELL?
VERY WELL, THANK YOU.
GOOD, BECAUSE VASSILI ALEXANDROVITCH IS READY TO GO, AND OUR CARS ARE WAITING TO TAKE US TO THE FOREST.
THE SKY IS GREY.
JUST RIGHT FOR WHAT WE HAVE IN MIND.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
NOTHING, COMRADE, NOTHING... DEER-HUNTING, THAT'S ALL.
WE'LL HUNT FOR WILD BOARS FIRST AND DEERS LATER ON.
IS HE STILL MAD ABOUT LOSING THE CHESS MATCH LAST NIGHT?
NO, I DON'T THINK SO.
HE'LL LEARN HIS LESSON, JUST AS ONE OF YOUR PRESIDENTS HAD TO.
JUST A MINUTE!
THAT WASN'T MY PRESIDENT, JUST AS THE SOCIAL DEMOCRACY THAT REPLACED HIM IS NOT MINE!

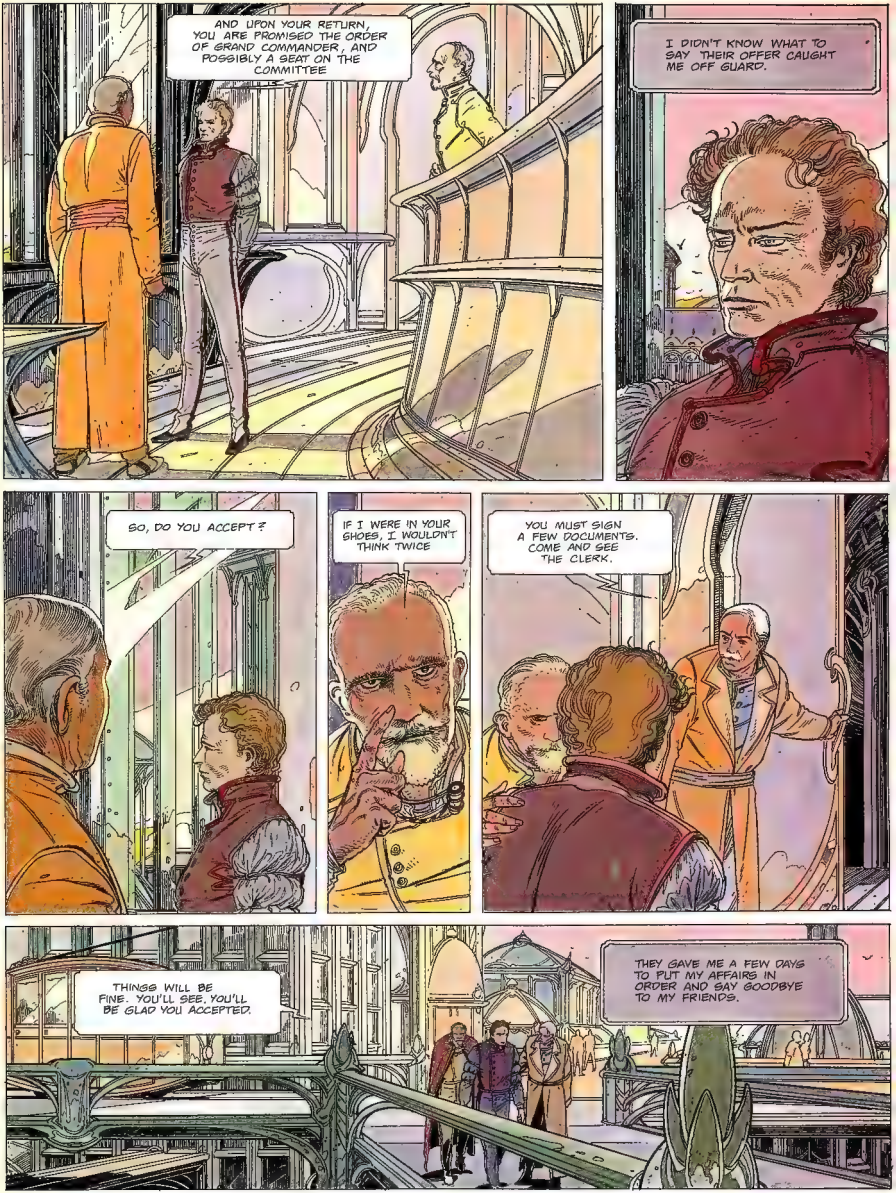
A GOOD ANSWER FOR A YOUNG COMMUNIST WHO HAS LEARNED HIS CATECHISM.
AND YOU, YOU SEEM TO HAVE DEVELOPED A TASTE FOR THESE BRUTAL GAMES.
ME ?
JUST AN IMPRESSION. IT IS PART OF HUMAN NATURE, AS THE BOURGEOIS PHILOSOPHERS SAY.
YOU'RE MAKING FUN OF ME.
ALL THE SAME...
LET'S DROP IT. AND LET'S JUST SAY THAT SERGUEI CHAVANIDZE HUNTS TO KILL IN PRIVATE, THAT'S ALL
I'M NOT. IT'S SIMPLY THAT I'VE SEEN TOO MANY CARNIVORES IN MY LIFE. THAT INCLUDES KARL AND JOSEPH !
THERE'S ONE !
TAK XOPOWO..

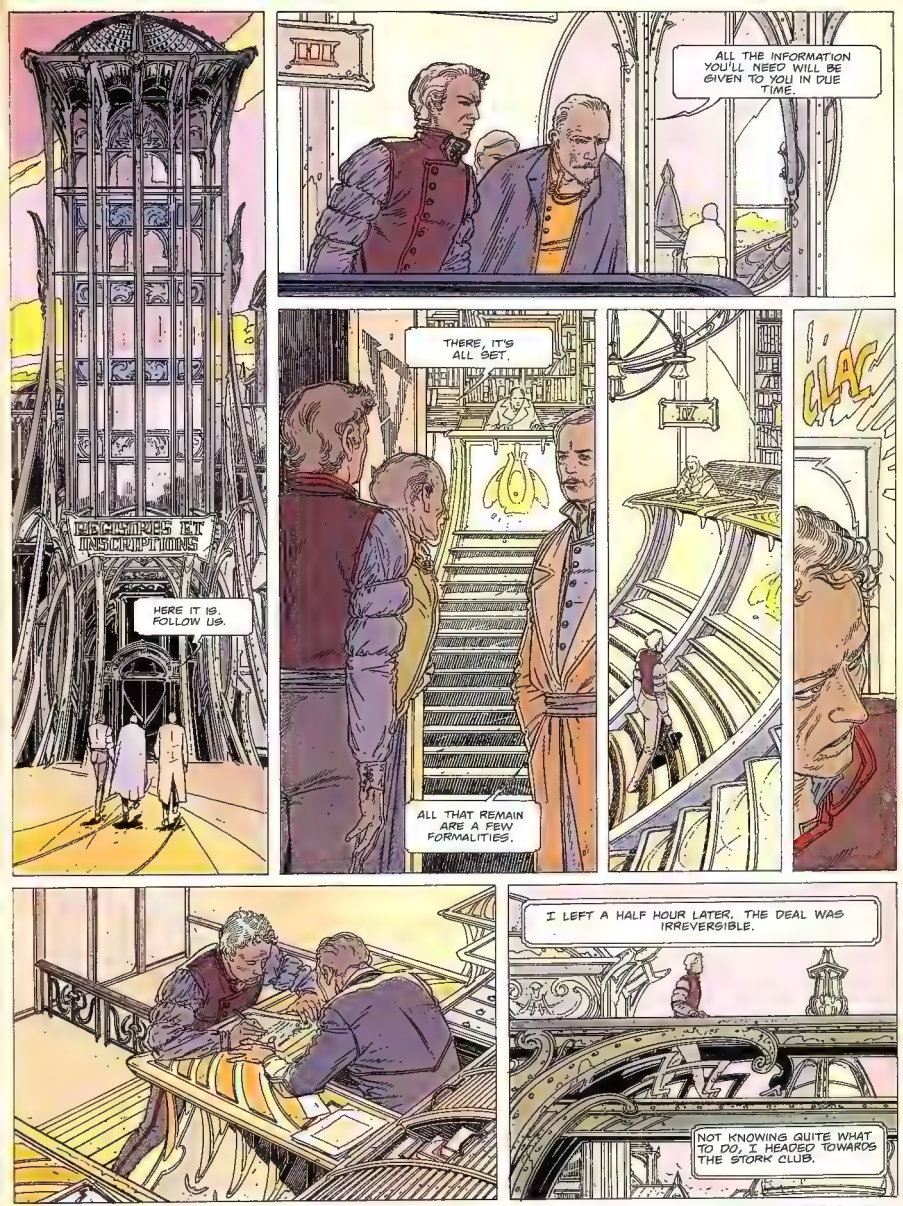
TO BE CONT'D

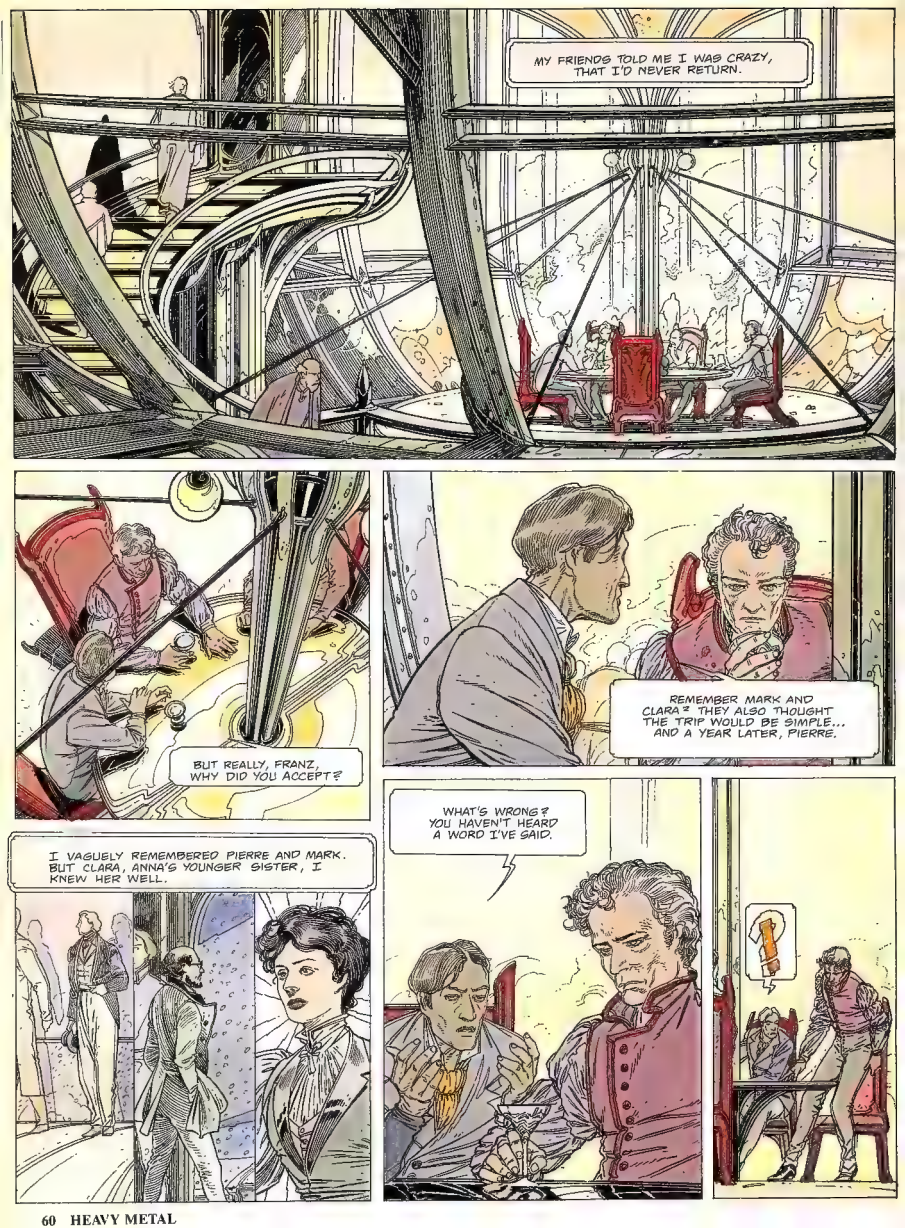

THE WALLS OF SAMARIS
by Schuiten
THEY CAME FOR ME THIS MORNING!
THEY TOLD ME THAT I MUST GO TO SAMARIS, THAT THE RUMOR HADN'T DIED AT ALL...
...AND THAT THE ONLY WAY TO END IT WAS TO SEND AN OBSERVER....

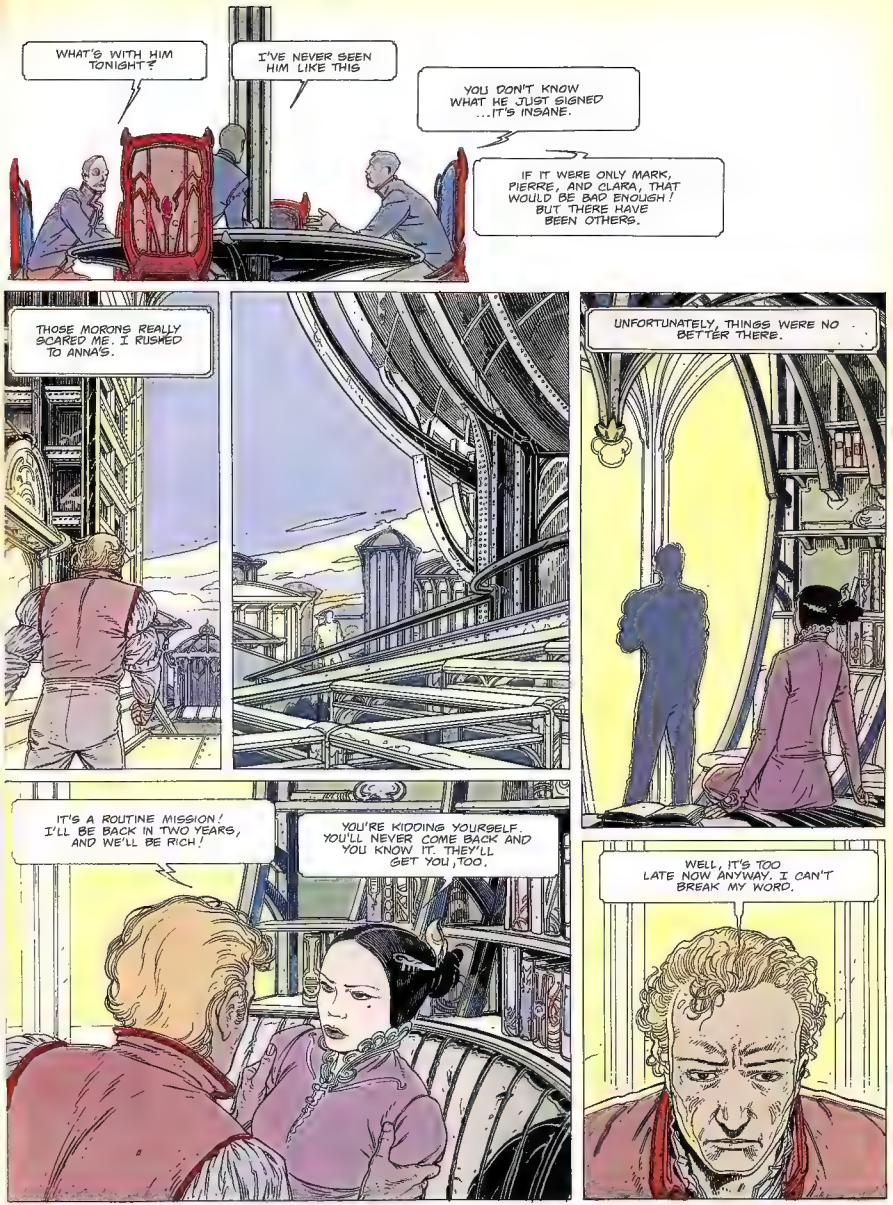

I AM, SO THEY SAY, THE ONLY MAN TO PULL IT OFF.
THE COMMITTEE SAYS THIS MISSION WILL BE LONG, BUT NOT DANGEROUS.
SURELY NOTHING WAS GOING ON IN SAMARIS....
IT'S BEEN TEN YEARS NOW..
NOTHING BUT A RUMOR WITH NO BASIS IN TRUTH.
THEY'RE HIDING SOMETHING FROM US, THAT'S FOR SURE.


A RUMOR THAT HAS GROWN EACH TIME IT HAS BEEN REPEATED SINCE THE LAST TRAVELLERS LEFT FOR SAMARIS.
IF THERE'S TROUBLE, IT'LL COME FROM THERE.
THEY LIE TO US. THEY'RE ALWAYS TRYING TO DECEIVE US.
MY JOB, ONCE I GOT THERE, WOULD BE TO FILE A COMPLETE, ACCURATE REPORT ON THE ACTUAL STATE OF SAMARIS.
AND THEN CALM COULD ONCE AGAIN REIGN IN XHYSTOS.
THE MONEY IS GOOD ON THIS MISSION, PAZ -- $20,000, AND WE'LL GIVE YOU HALF UP FRONT.

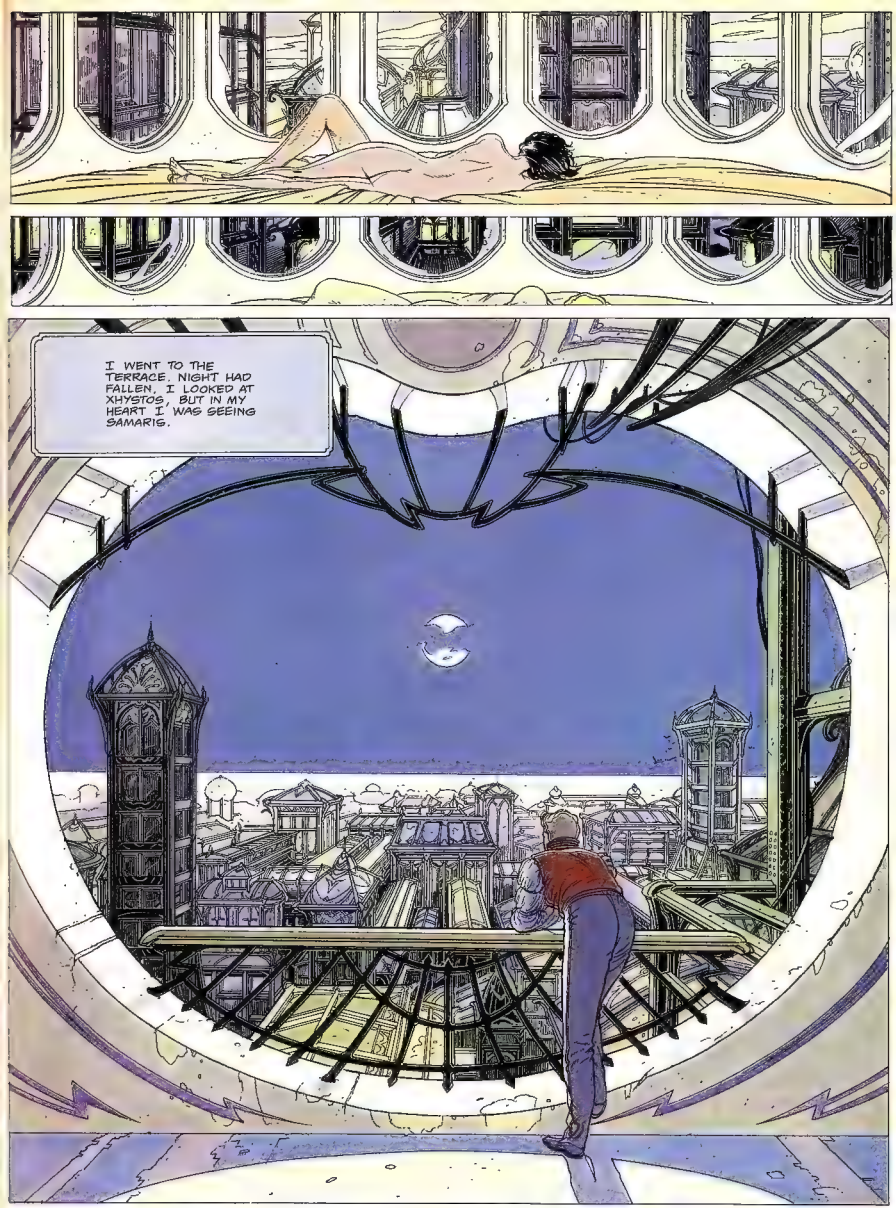

AND UPON YOUR RETURN, YOU ARE PROMISED THE ORDER OF GRAND COMMANDER, AND POSSIBLY A SEAT ON THE COMMITTEE
I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. THEIR OFFER CAUGHT ME OFF GUARD.
SO, DO YOU ACCEPT?
IF I WERE IN YOUR SHOES, I WOULDN'T THINK TWICE
YOU MUST SIGN A FEW DOCUMENTS. COME AND SEE THE CLERK.
THINGS WILL BE FINE. YOU'LL SEE. YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU ACCEPTED.
THEY GAVE ME A FEW DAYS TO PUT MY AFFAIRS IN ORDER AND SAY GOODBYE TO MY FRIENDS.


ALL THE INFORMATION YOU'LL NEED WILL BE GIVEN TO YOU IN DUE TIME.
DECISIONS ET INSCRIPTIONS
HERE IT IS. FOLLOW US.
THERE, IT'S ALL SET.
ALL THAT REMAIN ARE A FEW FORMALITIES.
CLAC
I LEFT A HALF HOUR LATER. THE DEAL WAS IRREVERSIBLE.
NOT KNOWING QUITE WHAT TO DO, I HEADED TOWARDS THE STORK CLUB.


MY FRIENDS TOLD ME I WAS CRAZY, THAT I'D NEVER RETURN.
BUT REALLY, FRANZ, WHY DID YOU ACCEPT?
REMEMBER MARK AND CLARA? THEY ALSO THOUGHT THE TRIP WOULD BE SIMPLE... AND A YEAR LATER, PIERRE.
I VAGUELY REMEMBERED PIERRE AND MARK. BUT CLARA, ANNA'S YOUNGER SISTER, I KNEW HER WELL.
WHAT'S WRONG? YOU HAVEN'T HEARD A WORD I'VE SAID.


WHAT'S WITH HIM TONIGHT?
I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM LIKE THIS
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT HE JUST SIGNED ...IT'S INSANE.
IF IT WERE ONLY MARK, PIERRE, AND CLARA, THAT WOULD BE BAD ENOUGH! BUT THERE HAVE BEEN OTHERS.
THOSE MORONS REALLY SCARED ME. I RUSHED TO ANNA'S.
UNFORTUNATELY, THINGS WERE NO BETTER THERE.
IT'S A ROUTINE MISSION! I'LL BE BACK IN TWO YEARS, AND WE'LL BE RICH!
YOU'RE KIDDING YOURSELF. YOU'LL NEVER COME BACK AND YOU KNOW IT. THEY'LL GET YOU, TOO.
WELL, IT'S TOO LATE NOW ANYWAY. I CAN'T BREAK MY WORD.

DON'T COUNT ON ME TO WAIT FOR YOU. TONIGHT, FRANZ, IS THE LAST TIME WE'LL SEE EACH OTHER.




TO BE CONTINUED...

# The Most Moral Man in America:

## An Interview with John Waters by Michael Simmons

A mad housewife is executed by a pack of vengeful lesbians with a gun shoved up her ass. A woman fucks a transvestite with a crucifix in a church pew. The same 380-pound transvestite picks up a glob of freshly-shat dog turd and eats it.

These are all scenes from the films of director/writer John Waters. The world's most notorious filmmaker, Waters attained infamy ten years ago last August with the release of *Pink Flamingos*, the tale of "The filthiest people alive," including the aforementioned dogshit-for-lunch scene. That film made a star of the world's most famous drag queen, Divine. Other films of Waters's include: *Mondo Trasho* (1969), *Multiple Maniacs* (1970), *Female Trouble* (1974), *Desperate Living* (1977) and *Polyester* (1981). The latter was released in "Odorama." The audience is handed scratch'n'smff cards, and they scratch the number on the card that corresponds to the number flashed on the screen. They are then treated to the aromas of everything from farts to dirty sneakers to a rose. The heroine is played by Divine, the hero by former teen heartthrob Tab Hunter.

Waters films are filled with twisted, repulsive and very funny images that one does not easily forget. But as Waters stated in this interview, there's a distinct morality in all of his movies. They all concern the battle between good and evil. In *Pink Flamingos*, it's Divine and family pitted against Mink Stole and David Lochary, who are envious of Divine's worldwide "filthy" reputation. In *Polyester*, it's Divine's struggle with her husband, mother, and her mother's lover (Tab) who are all trying to drive her crazy. In *Desperate Living*, it's the dykes of Mortville who fight the tyrannical Queen Carlotta. Of course Waters's definition of good and evil might not concur with everyone's. But in any event, the bad always wins out over the worst.

But the beauty (so to speak) of Waters's version of morality is it contains no trace of hypocrisy. The "good" characters make no apologies for who they are, even if they are murderers. There are no lies. Everything and everybody are presented in its and their most outrageous, and therefore most honest state. Behind all of these offensive images lie very simple, old truths. "Let ye without sin cast the first stone." "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder." Not to mention, "Don't fuck with me."

Waters in person is a personable, funny, charming, and elegant man. This is apparent in his brilliant autobiography *Shock Value* (Delta Books). Meeting him was a gas. As Lou Stathis says, "The guy oughta be a talk show host."

—Michael Simmons

**HM:** Is John Waters a moral man?
**JW:** Yes. I'm a Catholic boy. My films are very moral. The good guys win at the end, the bad people are punished. I definitely have morals. You can tell in my films the characters I like, and the ones I dislike. And the ones I like are the ones who feel comfortable and are happy with whatever they do. Even if they murder. But the people that I don't like are bitter and try to harm people. The ones that are happy with their problems don't really try to harm anyone, unless they are attacked. So, I think that's moral. All my films are about war. About two groups of people hassling. But that's the American way, isn't it? Competitiveness. I can almost understand why anybody does anything. I think there are always reasons. I don't think anybone is born bad. Something happens, you know. In some ways I'm a liberal and in others I'm a conservative. It depends on the issue.
**HM:** I saw the interview (*City Paper*, Washington, D.C., March 9, 1984) you did with Arthur Goode, the child molester who was subsequently executed in Florida for murdering a young boy.
**JW:** Yeah, Arthur. They gave him the electric chair. His last request was that he wanted Ricky Schroeder to sit nude in his lap in the electric chair. And his last meal was ice cream, because little boys like it. That was a hard article for me to write, because he wasn't funny. Usually when I write something, I throw some humor in it. I couldn't with Arthur. What he said was bizarre. The sad thing about it was he said that his parents were his best friends. Well, they didn't even come to his execution. Up until the very end he was very obsessed—he thought of nothing but sex. I'm against capital punishment. That's why I was interested in him. Maybe in his case, they did the right thing. I don't know.
**HM:** Are you gay, John?
**JW:** Yeah. My stock answer to that question is, I've tried everything but necrophilia and coprophagy, and I like kissing the best. And that sort of sums it up. I don't talk about my personal life in interviews, only because I think you've got to keep something to yourself. I mean, I'm not especially anxious to share my true, personal life with the readers of *Heavy Metal*. I'm not that hard up for a confidante.
**HM:** Well, I think your fans might be interested in anything about you.
**JW:** I think people's sexuality is really boring. I'm really against reading movie star books where they tell all about their sex life. I don't care who they fucked. That to me really makes no difference. I'm embarrassed for them when I read that. Shelley Winters's book was the most embarrassing thing I ever read. People have asked me why I didn't put sex in my book, but I wouldn't betray my friends by revealing things about them.
**HM:** In *Shock Value*, you talk about your friendship with Tex Watson of the Manson family.
**JW:** We aren't too close anymore because he is very, very into Jesus. There's a generation gap between us now. Look, I'm not saying I approved of what Tex did. I never said that. But he did it. I'm not a judge. He's alive. He's a person. I can understand it. If I didn't make these films, I might be in jail. I have an outlet for all of my unsocial behavior. Everybody's got to have an outlet. If you don't, you end up in prison. I read Roman Polanski's book recently, and I felt very bad about the whole thing. Not about being friends with Tex, but about the loss he [Polanski] felt—the other side. The victimization, everything

## "*Flamingos Forever . . .* it's *The Big Chill* for lunatics."

**HM:** One of your stars, David Lochary, died of an Angel Dust overdose in 1976. You had been recorded as being very bitter about it. In fact, angry at the dealers.
**JW:** Well, I'm against Angel Dust, certainly.
**HM:** But in other parts of your writings and films, you almost extoll the virtues of criminals.
**JW:** No, I don't, not really. I can understand it, and I'm incredibly obsessed. I've been viewing a murder trial all this week—it really interests me. But, I don't applaud what they do. What I'm interested in is how they deal with it the rest of their lives. How they deal with the sudden glare of the media and basically, how many times can you say you're sorry. If you say you're sorry for twenty years, it ends up losing its meaning. So what happens? These people are alive, the other people are dead. Nobody can change that. So, what interests me, is what do you do with this person? They didn't kill my mother. If they did, I'd feel differently. I'm no liberal. If they did, I would be very bitter about it. But there are two sides here. The point is, everyone knows the victim's side. And it's a horrible thing. But that's something everyone can understand. There are no groups of parents of murderers to lend support. If one of your brothers or sisters committed murder, you would radically change your opinions about the punishment. That's the side that is never talked about.
**HM:** What murder trials have you been following?
**JW:** One of my students. I have been teaching at a prison. I don't want to exploit him, so I don't want to talk about it. I told him I would never write about the case, and I won't. I taught in a prison for a semester. I was rehabilitating criminals, by showing them *Pink Flamingos*. I thought that was pretty avant garde. I'm into corrections now, but I showed all of my films, and then some, and then they had to write about them. They're under psychiatric treatment, so I showed them *Desperate Living* and said, "Okay, you're the psychiatrist. Write a paper on how to cure my patients." We also had video, and we did all sorts of improv. I'd have two prisoners act out various situations. For instance, I'd say: "You are meeting your long, lost sister in a restaurant. You haven't seen her for ten years. When she arrives, you are startled to discover that she has had a sex change operation." Then they'd act it out. It was very interesting. I think they got something out of it. I told them, next time they want to kill somebody, don't do it for God's sake. Paint it. Write about it.
**HM:** Do what John Waters does.
**JW:** Well, do what you can. Use that rage for something else. I said, "These films are my crimes, only I get paid for it."
**HM:** How did they react to the more

bizarre portions of your movies?
**JW:** Very well. They understood my films better than any audience I've ever seen. I think it's maybe my target audience (laughs)
**HM:** When you were at NYU Film School in the mid-sixties, were you influenced by avant garde filmmakers Jack Smith and George Kuchar?
**JW:** Kuchar more. Oh yeah, I went to all of those films. There are no underground movies anymore, because you have to compete with *E.T.* Everything is mainstream now. So, underground's a very kind of sixties word. But those films influenced me incredibly, because I thought you could make a movie without a lot of money. If it's not great technically, it doesn't really matter just as long as the story's good and the people are interesting. That was a big influence, drive-ins were a big influence, and Bergman was a big influence. I have tried to put them all together.
**HM:** I recently saw Jack Smith's *Flaming Creatures*, and it struck me that the people depicted in it are almost predecessors to your characters—the so-called "filthiest people alive."
**JW:** I saw *Flaming Creatures* when it came out. I was sixteen or so, and it had gotten busted, so it was hard to find. I wasn't in the New York art scene at the time. I was a fan of it. I came to New York every weekend and we'd go and see all the films, but I certainly wasn't in the inside of it. I don't really remember much of the film, but I do remember Mario Montez [a drag queen]. It was a film that influenced me at the time, but I would say that the Kuchar brothers influenced me much more.
**HM:** What are your plans for the future?
**JW:** I'm raising money for one movie. Even though I think sequels are ridiculous, the *idea* of one fits in nicely with my schlockyism. We are trying to do *Flamingos Forever*. It will be a ten-year reunion for the characters. It's *The Big Chill* for lunatics. We're ready to shoot it, once we get the money. I'm writing another film called *Hatchet Face*, which is a comedy. But I don't really want to talk about it, because I'm writing it now. I don't want to put a curse on it.

I have been writing articles for a lot of different magazines. I was just in Paris where I had a retrospective at the Cinematheque Français. That really made me nervous because usually you are dead when they do that.

Then I went to Iceland and Italy. . . .
**HM:** What did you do in Iceland?
**JW:** I was a guest at the Reykjavik Film Festival. It's nice there. But the first night there, we had to eat sheep's eyeballs. I think they did that for shock value. You had to gouge the whole eye socket and take the eyeball out and eat it. It wasn't like a cherry tomato, it didn't pop in your mouth. It was a little gristly for my taste.
**HM:** About *Flamingos Forever*: what could you possibly do to top *Pink Flamingos*?
**JW:** Well, I'm trying to make it a funny movie. I'm not trying to top the gross excesses of it, because even though that was a big part of the appeal of the original, I don't think it was the only thing. This is going to be R-rated, but it's crazier than *Polyester*. That may be why I'm having a hard time raising money for it.
**HM:** It seems to take a few years between films. Is that because of financing?
**JW:** Yeah, and because after the movie is released here in the States, I spend a year promoting it around the world. I don't think the world needs a John Waters movie every year. I'm exhausted when I finish. I don't want to make a movie, just for the sake of making a movie. It's got to curdle a while in me before it comes out.
**HM:** Are you capable of making a "Hollywood" movie?
**JW:** Sure. I tried to get *Confederacy of Dunces*. It was the only thing that I ever

"... We had to eat sheep's eyeballs ... I think they did that for shock value."

read that I didn't write, that I wanted to make a movie of. I went to L.A. twice to talk to the producers, but I didn't get it. They all know me in Hollywood, and they like my films, but I think this will sum up how they feel about me. Columbia Pictures turned down the script for *Flamingos Forever*, and they said, "We thought it was hilarious, but can you give us something we can admit we like."

**HM:** Let me ask you about some of your stars. Mary Vivian Pierce. You know, there's actually a cult of Mary lovers.

**JW:** Yeah. In real life—whatever that is—she works exercising racehorses at a very spiffy horse farm. She's always done that. She makes films with me. She's done others. She's done plays. But basically she's horsey as far as her interests go.

**HM:** What about Divine and Mink Stole?

**JW:** Divine is a rock star in Europe now.

"Hollywood said, 'We thought *Pink Flamingos* was hilarious, but can you give us something we can admit we like?' "

He's got these really popular records. He's constantly touring the disco circuit around the world. He's even toured Africa.

Mink lives in new York, and she's been in a few plays. She was in some of the Theater of the Ridiculous plays with director Charles Ludlam. Mink leads sort of a double life. Sometimes she has straight jobs, and no one ever recognizes her because she looks different in every film. I wonder how she's going to look every time I see her. She takes dance classes, has a boyfriend, goes motor cycle riding. She's really "That Girl."

**HM:** What about Edith Massey?

**JW:** Edith lives in L.A. now. She owns a thrift shop there. She and her punk band play in the clubs all the time. She even has a couple of records out. One's included on the "World's Worst Records" [Rhino Records].

**HM:** Are things as bizarre in Baltimore as they've always been? Or as interesting?

**JW:** Well, my life there is certainly not bizarre. It interests me, it's home. I'm away a lot, so it's really a good feeling to go home. I write and work best there. I have really close friends there. I like my apartment. Is it bizarre? Yes, there's one place with adult entertainment that's like any other place, only something's wrong with it. It's like a go-go party. You walk in, it's ten dollars to get in. You get nothing. No drinks or anything. It's a lot of mother/daughter strip acts. It seems like no big deal. *But* at the end, the women come around, all the men unbutton their shirts, and the women lick their nipples.

Then there's this male go-go bar, where the clientele stuff dollar bills into the dancer's jock. It's a gay place. Then they'd lean down and start making out with you. I thought that was sort of strange. I mean with herpes and all, I don't understand why anybody would want to make out with people indiscriminately.

**HM:** I don't think you can get herpes from kissing.

**JW:** Sure you can. The kind on your lips. There are two kinds.

**HM:** Is that herpes II?

**JW:** That's herpes I.

**HM:** Well, that's curable, isn't it?

**JW:** I don't know if it is or not. But who wants to have it in the first place?

**HM:** I guess—measles is curable.

**JW:** Yeah, it may be curable, but who wants to deal with the problem?

**HM:** Right. I think we have some good stuff here.

**JW:** Yeah, send me a copy.

HUMAN MANDALA

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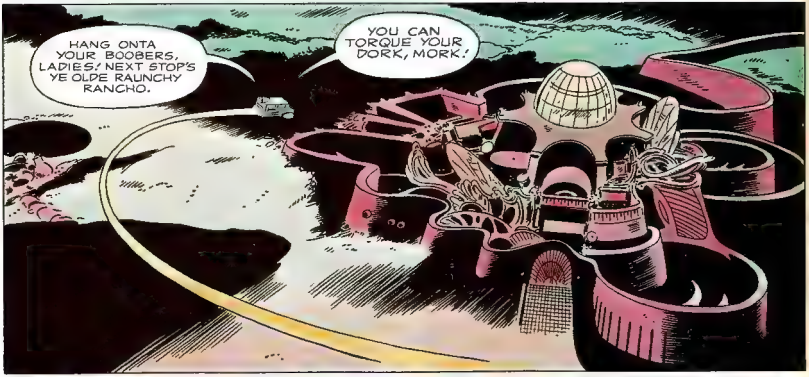
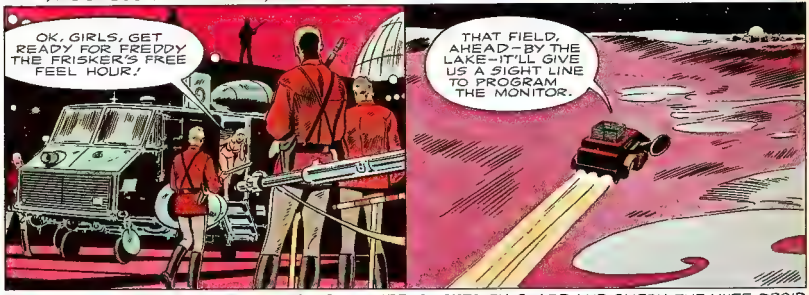
# LANN

THE OMNISLED, CARRYING THE GROUP FROM THE BELLES OF VENUS CLUB, CIRCLES CESAR'S MANSION.




LANN, DISGUISED AS A BLONDE, MUST RESCUE THE DAUGHTERS OF A HIGH PRESIDIUM OFFICIAL.


OK, GIRLS, GET READY FOR FREDDY THE FRISKER'S FREE FEEL HOUR!
THAT FIELD, AHEAD - BY THE LAKE - IT'LL GIVE US A SIGHT LINE TO PROGRAM THE MONITOR.

FOLLOWING, AT A SAFE DISTANCE, IS THE C.I. HUNKER, PILOTED BY SHARD AND GLITCH, THE MUTE DROID.

**BY FRANK THORNE**

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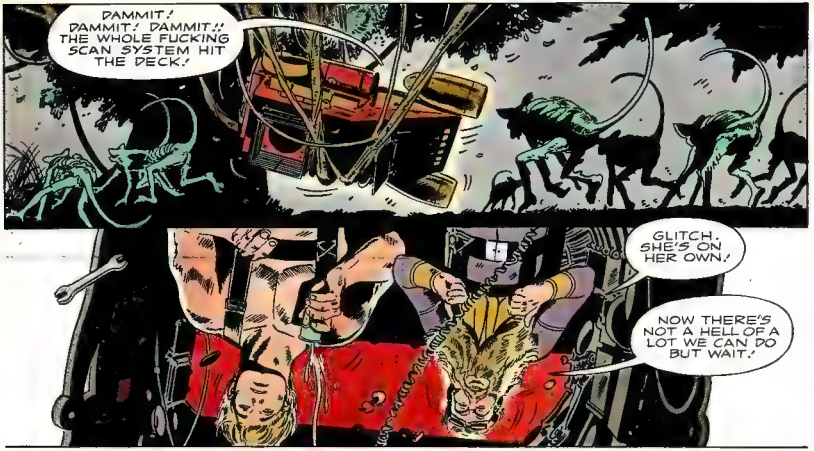
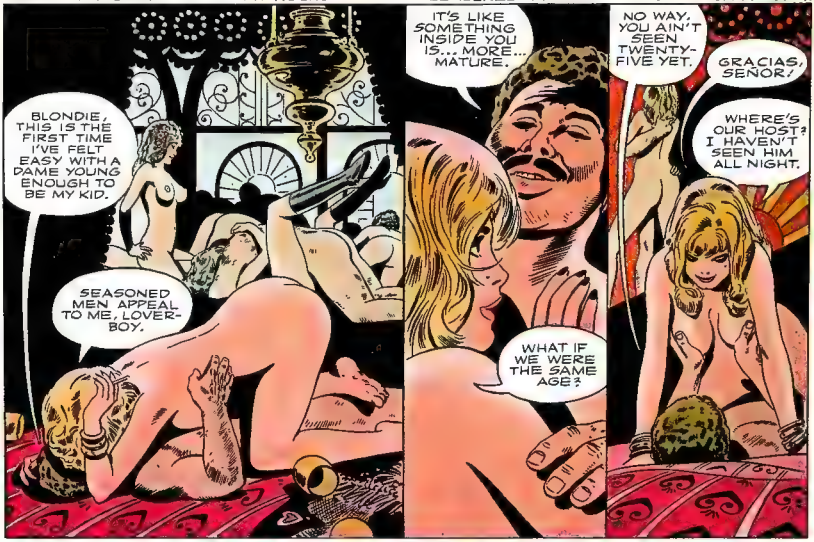

DAMMIT! DAMMIT! DAMMIT!! THE WHOLE FUCKING SCAN SYSTEM HIT THE DECK!
GLITCH. SHE'S ON HER OWN!
NOW THERE'S NOT A HELL OF A LOT WE CAN DO BUT WAIT!

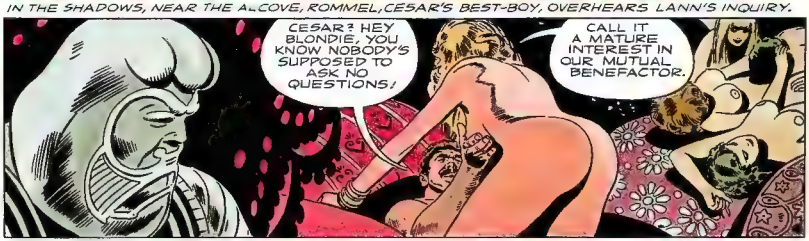
AS GLITCH STRUGGLES TO RIGHT THE HUNKER, LANN LEADS HER COMPANIONS THROUGH SECURITY.

6
HEY SPIVVY! CHECK-OUT TH' STASH! REAL ANDROMEDIAN GOLD, AND A DECK FOR TH' NOSE!
WHA'JA EXPECT, GENERAL, A RUBBER CHICKEN?
BUZZ, LADY! YOU'RE GONNA NEED ALL THAT STARDUST IN THE SPONGE ROOM.
MOONDOG, HONEY, YOU KNOW WE JUST LOVE CESAR'S DISCO WITH THE WALL TO WALL MATTRESS!

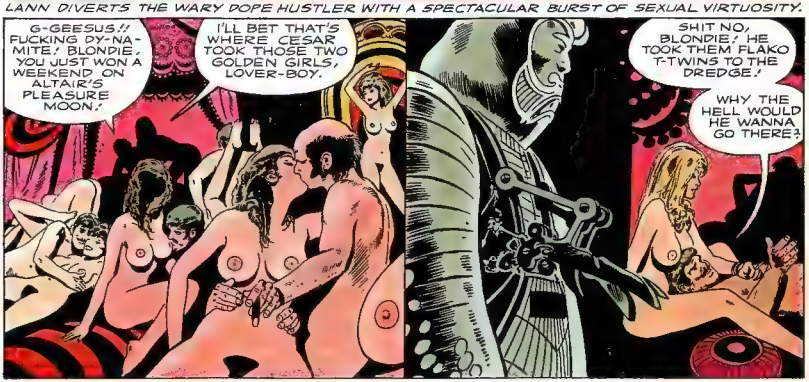
CESAR'S PILLOWED PASSION PIT ROCKS AS LANN PLEASURES A BOOZED DRUG TRANSFER AGENT.

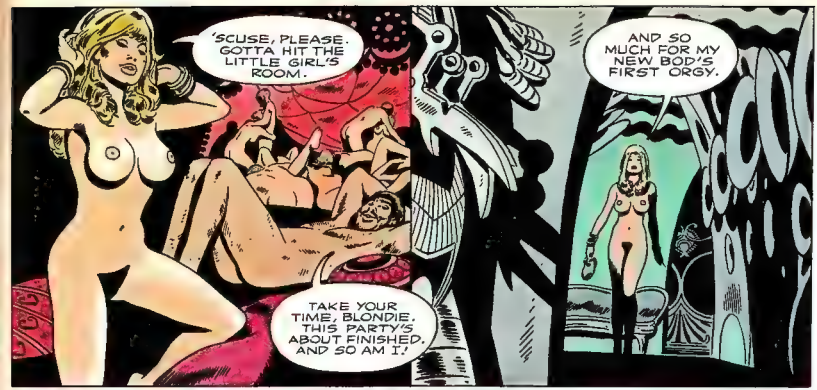

BLONDIE, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE FELT EASY WITH A DAME YOUNG ENOUGH TO BE MY KID.
SEASONED MEN APPEAL TO ME, LOVER-BOY.
IT'S LIKE SOMETHING INSIDE YOU IS... MORE... MATURE.
WHAT IF WE WERE THE SAME AGE?
NO WAY. YOU AIN'T SEEN TWENTY-FIVE YET.
GRACIAS, SEÑOR!
WHERE'S OUR HOST? I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM ALL NIGHT.

IN THE SHADOWS, NEAR THE ALCOVE, ROMMEL, CESAR'S BEST-BOY, OVERHEARS LANN'S INQUIRY.

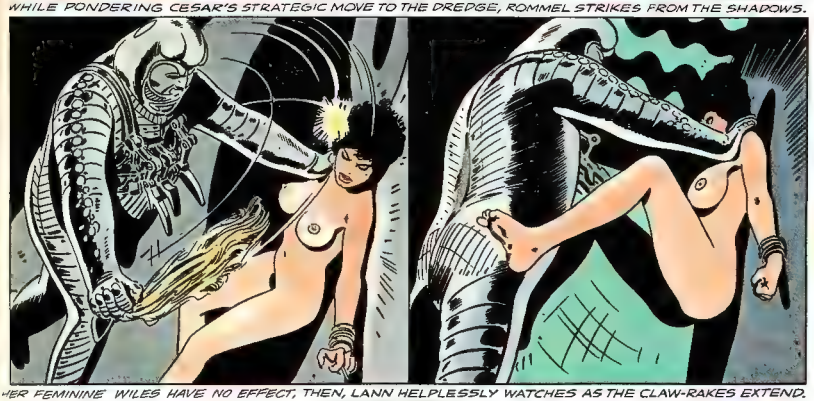



LANN DIVERTS THE WARY DOPE HUSTLER WITH A SPECTACULAR BURST OF SEXUAL VIRTUOSITY.


G-GEESUS!! FUCKING DY-NA-MITE! BLONDIE, YOU JUST WON A WEEKEND ON ALTAIR'S PLEASURE MOON!
I'LL BET THAT'S WHERE CESAR TOOK THOSE TWO GOLDEN GIRLS, LOVER-BOY.
SHIT NO, BLONDIE! HE TOOK THEM FLAKO T-TWINS TO THE DREDGE!
WHY THE HELL WOULD HE WANNA GO THERE?


'SCUSE, PLEASE. GOTTA HIT THE LITTLE GIRL'S ROOM.
TAKE YOUR TIME, BLONDIE. THIS PARTY'S ABOUT FINISHED. AND SO AM I.
AND SO MUCH FOR MY NEW BOD'S FIRST ORGY.

WHILE PONDERING CESAR'S STRATEGIC MOVE TO THE DREDGE, ROMMEL STRIKES FROM THE SHADOWS.



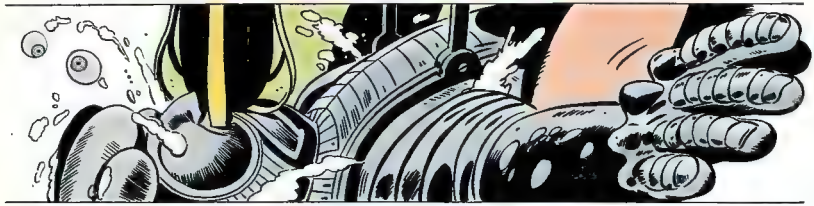
HER FEMININE WILES HAVE NO EFFECT, THEN, LANN HELPLESSLY WATCHES AS THE CLAW-RAKES EXTEND.

LANN JACKKNIFES HER LEGS, AND USING THE CLAWS' THRUSTING MOTION AS A FULCRUM, DROPS FREE.
WITH ROMMEL IN CLOSE PURSUIT. SHE DARTS INTO A NARROW PASSAGEWAY, THEN
A...A--
-- BLIND ALLEY!!

WAITING IN THE FOREST NEARBY, SHARD TINKERS WITH GLITCH'S VOICE MODE, AND PONDERS FATE.
DAM-MIT!
NIX THE BREW WHILE I'M AT THIS!
CRISSAKE! AFTER MY RETRO-GEN, ME AN' LANN--
--WE'RE GONNA TAKE A LONG VACATION. A HONEYMOON MAYBE.
WITH-OUT DROIDS!
WITHOUT GIGOS!
WITHOUT HUNKERS!
FIRST CLASS ALL THE WAY!
FAR FROM THIS SINK HOLE!
NOW TRY IT. WHAT'D 'YA SAY TO THAT, GLITCH?
GLURRRK!
AS GLITCH GURGLES HIS INAUGURAL COMMENT, LANN RIPS A FIRE EXTINGUISHER FROM ITS BRACKET.
THE CHARGING ANDROMEDIAN GUARD IS STOPPED BY A STINGING BLAST OF FOAMING CHEMICALS.

LANN DOWNS ROMMEL WITH THE HEAVY DURIDIUM TANK, AND SLAMS IT ON AS SHE DRIVES IT INTO HIS MOUTH.

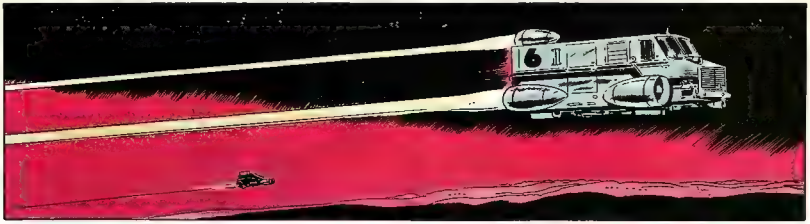
SITTING ON THE TANK, THE WOMAN EMPTIES THE BULK OF FOAMITE INTO ROMMEL'S VITAL CAVITIES.



LEAVING THE SHORT-CIRCUITING MASS BEHIND, LANN PICKS UP THE WIG AND REJOINS THE VENUS GIRLS.

ROMMEL, SWEET-HEART.
THIS ACT COULD'VE BEEN THE HIT OF THE PARTY!
NOW TO GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE!
WHERE Y' BEEN, SLEEKA? THERE'S A BUS LEAVIN'.
JUST POWDERIN' MY NOSE, MOONDOG.

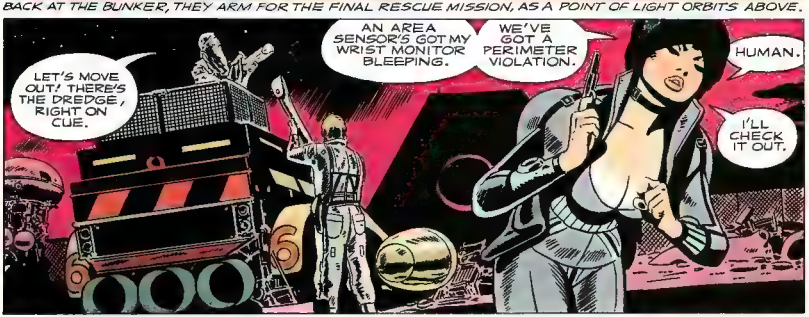
MINUTES LATER THE OMNISLED HEADS EAST, WITH THE C.I. HUNKER ON A TRACKING COURSE NEARBY.



AT PORT NEON, THE WEARY BELLES SHUFFLE BACK INTO THE PURPLE SHADOWS OF THE TENDERLOIN.

ZIP ON THE TWINS. CESAR TOOK THEM TO THE PREDGE.
CLEVER. THE IDEAL COVER FOR HIS ARMS—DAMES TRADE-OFF.
DE-GREASE ME, SHARD. EVERY TWO-BIT MOB GROUPIE WAS JUMPING MY BUNS.
THE ASSHOLES.
WHY, SHARD!
I BELIEVE YOU'RE JEALOUS!
TELL ME. ARE YOU?
C'MON.
GLURRRK!
AFFIRMATIVE! CONGRATULATIONS, GLITCH!
IS THAT HIS ENTIRE VOCABULARY?
YEAH. BUT I'M WORKING ON IT.

BACK AT THE BUNKER, THEY ARM FOR THE FINAL RESCUE MISSION, AS A POINT OF LIGHT ORBITS ABOVE.


LET'S MOVE OUT! THERE'S THE PREDGE, RIGHT ON CUE.
AN AREA SENSOR'S GOT MY WRIST MONITOR BLEEPING.
WE'VE GOT A PERIMETER VIOLATION.
HUMAN.
I'LL CHECK IT OUT.

TO BE CONTINUED

PRESENTING...TWO CUTE LITTLE EXTRATERRESTRIAL CREATURES TALKING ABOUT...

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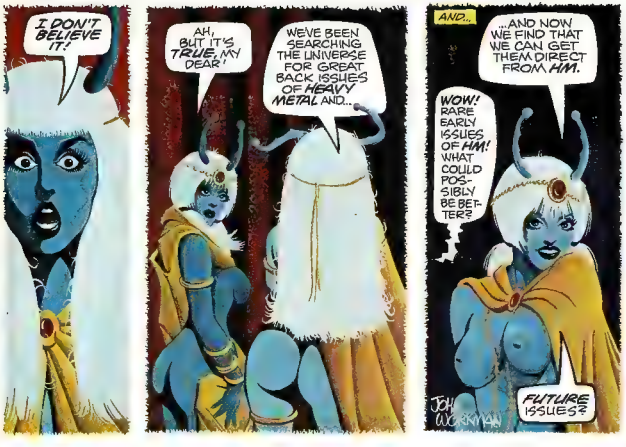
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
AH, BUT IT'S TRUE, MY DEAR!
WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING THE UNIVERSE FOR GREAT BACK ISSUES OF HEAVY METAL AND...
AND...
...AND NOW WE FIND THAT WE CAN GET THEM DIRECT FROM HM.
WOW! RARE EARLY ISSUES OF HM! WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE BETTER?
FUTURE ISSUES?
JOHN WORKMAN

**#2/MAY '77:** Russian astronauts, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more.

**#3/JUNE '77:** Macedo's "Rockblitz," highly praised "Shells," beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bodé, more.

**#4/JULY '77:** Lots of Moebius: "Arzach," "The Long Tomorrow"; conclusion of "Sunpot."

**#5/AUGUST '77:** "Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue.

**#6/SEPTEMBER '77:** Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera; plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius."

**#7/OCTOBER '77:** Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again.

**#8/NOVEMBER '77:** New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart."

**#9/DECEMBER '77:** Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz," by Druillet, "Fortune's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius.

**#10/JANUARY '78:** Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues.

**#11/FEBRUARY '78:** New adventures of "Barbarella," cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius and Corben.

**#12/MARCH '78:** Gray Morrow's swashbuckling "Orion" debuts; more "Barbarella," "Urm," and "Den."

**#13/APRIL '78:** Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page insert from "Paradise 9." "Barbarella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps it up.

**#14/MAY '78:** "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat.

**#15/JUNE '78:** Corben introduces Shahrazad. Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman."

**#16/JULY '78:** A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," resumption of Druillet's "Gail," more "Heilman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights."

**#19/OCTOBER '78:** "Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

**#20/NOVEMBER '78:** Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, "Heilman" 's final rebirth, more.

**#21/DECEMBER '78:** The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius.

**#22/JANUARY '79:** Trina debuts and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben.

**#23/FEBRUARY '79:** "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

**#24/MARCH '79:** Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's late show.

**#28/JULY '79:** Bodé's "Zooks" premieres, Corben's "Sindbad" concludes. Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts.

**#29/AUGUST '79:** Caza steals show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé, more.

**#30/SEPTEMBER '79:** "Elric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named "Elvis," and "Little Red V-3," alongside Mottellier and Moebius.

**#31/OCTOBER '79:** A Halloween tribute to H. P. Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam, others.

**#32/NOVEMBER '79:** Corben's "Rowlf," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more.

**#33/DECEMBER '79:** A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofoed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants."

**#35/FEBRUARY '80:** An eerie Couratin cover adorns this issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip.

**#36/MARCH '80:** Why did "The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuiten strip! Plus: Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's "Good Vibrations."

**#37/APRIL '80:** Our 3rd anniversary issue — 32 pages of "Champakou" in living color, final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bodé — and more!

**#38/MAY '80:** Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too?

**#39/JUNE '80:** "Champakou" meets his fate, while "Captain Sternn" saves the day. And it's the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth!

**#41/AUGUST '80:** Druillet returns with "Salammbo" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed). Bilal continues "Progress!"

**#42/SEPTEMBER '80:** "The Alchemist Supreme" concludes while Bilal's "Progress!" picks up steam. Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner, Leo Duranona contribute nifty shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger.

**#49/APRIL '81:** Corben's "Bloodstar," Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier!," Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera.

**#50/MAY '81:** Premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals' Fête!" Plus: Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and William S. Burroughs on immortality.

**#51/JUNE '81:** The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview, Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax, and Workman!

**#56/NOVEMBER '81:** Jeronaton's "Egg of the World," Jeff Jones, Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully.

**#58/JANUARY '82:** Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, Hé, and Gillon; and "The Autonomous Man," all surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, and Steranko.

**#59/FEBRUARY '82:** The further adventures of John Difool in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's "Gideon Faust" gets going—again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schuiten.

**#60/MARCH '82:** 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's "Nova 2" begins. Plus "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc.

**#61/APRIL '82:** 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. What with Claveloux, Druillet, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J.G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

**#62/MAY '82:** The 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution" "The Art of De Es Schwertberger." Plus: "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted

White and Val Lakey.

**#63/JUNE '82:** Fantastic Cities issue, with artists Voss, Caza, Scibelli, and R Crumb, all surrounded by regulars: Druillet, Moebius, Schuiten, and Fernandez.

**#64/JULY '82:** Marcele and Lacome's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Flights into Fantasy*. Plus Jones, Garcia, and Druillet.

**#65/AUGUST '82:** Jones and Wrightson's "Freak Show" and Pisu and Manara's "The Ape." Plus the finale of "The Incal Light" by Moebius and Jodorowsky

**#66/SEPTEMBER '82:** Hecht's "Music-Video Interface," Lupoff's "Barsoom!" and Hinge's "Object." Plus our regulars: Bilal, Fernandez, Kierkegaard

**#67/OCTOBER '82:** You'll have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. Everything from Eddie Poe to the weirdest phobias possible. Don't read it alone! P.S.: Last part of Black's "Third Sexual Revolution."

**#68/NOVEMBER '82:** Part 1 of Kaluta's "Starstruck." Findley's "Tex Arcana" continues as does "Den II" and Druillet's "Yragael." Plus: a peek at Wrightson's *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*.

**#69/DECEMBER '82:** A Will Stone Gallery, the return of Suydam's "Mudwog," and Mark Fisher's "Amino Men." Plus Corben, Fernandez, and Kierkegaard

**#70/JANUARY '83:** The strange conclusion to Wrightson's "Freak Show," a look at *The Dark Crystal*, and regulars Manara, Corben, Fernandez, etc.

**#71/FEBRUARY '83:** The making of the film *The Entity*, Kim Deitch's *Eating Raoul*, and regulars Corben, Kaluta, Crepax, etc.

**#72/MARCH '83:** We bid a fond farewell to Den and Kath, and a warm welcome to Bilal's "City that Didn't Exist." A Gallery on Robert Williams, plus Manara, Kaluta and more.

**#73/APRIL '83:** Moebius's "The Twinkle in Fildegar's Eye," and Sauri's "The Odyssey," along with Kaluta, Crepax, and Workman.

**#75/JUNE '83:** Corben's "Doomscult," the end of Crepax's "The Man from Harlem," and a peek at the 3-D science fiction thriller, *Spacehunter*.

**#76/JULY '83:** Liberatore's "Ranxerox," the end of Kaluta's "Starstruck" (for the time being), an interview with Dan O'Bannon and a glimpse at Ray Bradbury's *Dinosaur Tales*.

**#77/AUGUST '83:** Arno and Jodorowsky's "The Small Earthworm" debuts, Giménez's "A Matter of Time" appears, and Captain Beefheart is interviewed, all behind a beautiful Greg Hildebrandt cover

**#78/SEPTEMBER '83:** An exclusive interview with Francis Ford Coppola! Plus a Gallery look at the art of Rowena Morrill and the conclusions of "Zora" and "The City that Didn't Exist."

**#79/OCTOBER '83:** Timothy Leary! Enki Bilal! Pepe Moreno! Walter Hill! Rocky and Bullwinkle!?! A great issue!

**#80/NOVEMBER '83:** A spirited talk with Will Eisner, along with a Spirit story. Plus Crepax's "Valentina the Pirate." Enjoy.

**#81/DECEMBER '83:** Ranxerox bows out. Valentina comes on strong. Artist Liberatore is interviewed. Lots more!

**#82/JANUARY '84:** Part one of David Blacks vampire memoirs Plus "Ranxerox in New York", and a peek at Arthur Clarke's *The Sentinel*.

**#83/FEBRUARY '84:** Douglas Trumbull talks. John DiFool returns. And David Black's *My Vampires* comes to an end

**#84/MARCH '84:** Douglas Adams is interviewed. Angus McKie and Charles Burns return Ranxerox ends his New York adventure

**#85/APRIL '84:** A long talk with Roger Corman. Plus Joe Kubert in "Dossier" and Boris Vallejo on the cover.

**#86/MAY '84:** "The Railways" begins, "Ranxerox" ends, and "The Third Incal" continues. Plus, two "June 2050"s for the price of one.

**#87/JUNE '84:** Slava Tsukerman talks about "Liquid Sky," "Lann" and "The Hunting Party" get started.

**#88/JULY '84:** Long interviews with funnymen John Cleese and Jerry Lewis. Long-awaited art from Jeronaton.

**#89/AUGUST '84:** Paul Kantner: *Starship* Captain Penelope Spheeris: Godmother of Punk Ed Naha Good Writer of Bad Movies.

**#90/SEPTEMBER '84:** The Second Annual *HM* Music Video Awards. Lou Stathis interviews director David Cronenberg. Plus *Dernier Combat* director Luc Besson is interviewed.

**#91/OCTOBER '84:** The *HM* interview with director John Sayles. Caza drops by, and Jeronaton and Bilal continue

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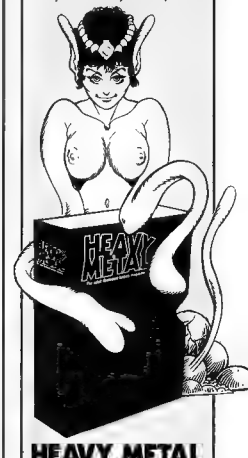


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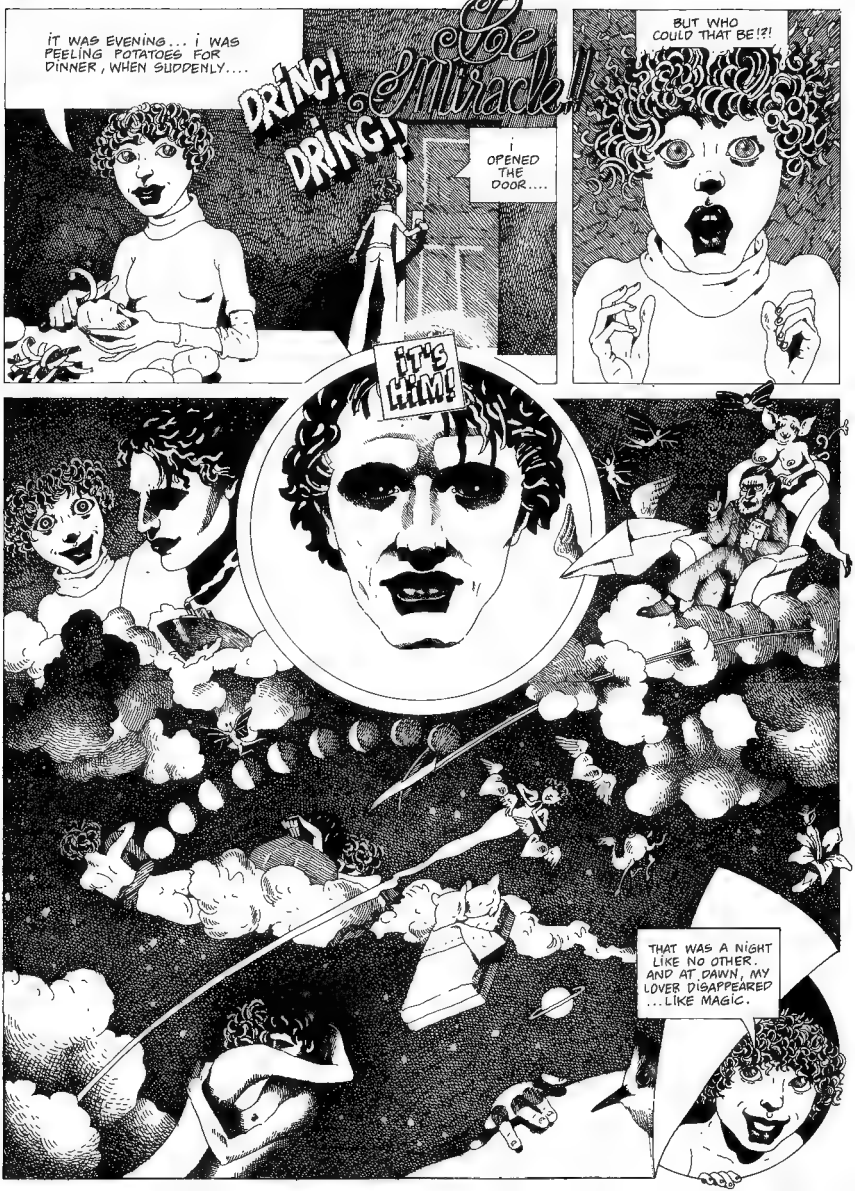
i'm in love with an economist!!
ZABETH
ONE FINE DAY WHILE I WAS ABSORBED IN CALCULUS AND STATISTICS...
SPECIAL ECONOMIES
LAZY CRAZY DE LUXE
i WAS SUDDENLY CAPTIVATED BY THE GRAVE AND DEEP BEAUTY OF A MAN'S FACE !
i KNEW THAT THIS MAN WOULD BE MY IDOL....
DOWN WITH IMPERIALISM
By BASHIR AHMAR
AND THIS IS HOW MY PROFOUND PASSION FOR THE FAMOUS DIRECTOR OF A.O.E.R.O.N. OF PATAGOUGOU IN MITSOUBANGUI WAS BORN....
A.O.E.R.D.N.: AFRICAN ORGANIZATION OF ECONOMIC RESEARCH FOR DEVELOPING NATIONS.
i BEGAN A LONG LOVE LETTER TO BACHIR, MY INTELLECTUAL HUNK, THE LIGHT OF MY LIFE.

Love letter to a rural economist
WHEN WE MEET, MY DEAREST BASHIR, MY HENNAED LOCKS WILL SMELL OF ARABIAN PERFUME....
I WILL MASSAGE MY HANDS WITH THE OIL OF CAMEL FUR
OUR EMBRACE WILL BE HOT AND SAVAGE, LIKE WILD ANIMALS.
LOVE IT! DON'T STOP!
WHAT A COMFORT IT WOULD BE TO SEE YOU IN OUR BED, SERENE AS STILL AS WATER.
YOUR FACE HAS THE FRESH BEAUTY OF DAWN.
I CRAVE THE FEEL OF YOUR SKIN. IMAGINE THE FEEL OF HONEY, OF JASMINE, AND OF OLIVE WOOD.
YOU WILL BE MY MORNING DEW. I WILL THRIVE ON IT.
CALL OF THE ORIENT! FLUTES TAMBOURINES SINGING IN THE MARKETPLACE
BELLS OF MECCA! BLAZING COLORS OF THE MOSQUES!
OASIS AND DESERT!
I WILL SIT BY YOUR SIDE IN THE GOLD SAND OF THE DESERT.
WE WILL FEAST ON RIPE FRUIT AND SHEEP'S MILK.
TASTE MY MILK? NO WAY!
I WANT TO IMMORTALIZE YOU, SING YOUR PRAISES TO THE WORLD! WHEN YOU STEP DOWN FROM YOUR MAGNIFICENT OASIS, AN ARMY OF TREMBLING WOMEN WILL RUSH TO GREET YOU.
ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO SEND HIM THIS?
A BLUEBIRD FROM PATAGOUGOU MURMURS... MY EARS ARE COCKED. HE TELLS ME TO ABANDON MY WORLDLY GOODS AND COME TO HIS SIDE
YOU CALL THIS A LETTER?
SATIN, AHMAR, SUN, PATAGOUGOU, WARMTH, BASHIR, OASIS, THIRST, BLACK GOLD, SILVER... I HAVE NO BOAT, NO BOEING 747.
CAMELS, THE ORIENT, THE END OF THE EARTH ... A RAFT?
HOW CAN I COME TO YOU?

U.S.P.O.
THE DYE IS CAST!
Monsieur Jachis Ahmar
Patagonie
Messieurs
Jules et Edmond
Saint-Pabu.
A LETTER FOR YOU, MR. AHMAR.


IT WAS EVENING... I WAS PEELING POTATOES FOR DINNER, WHEN SUDDENLY....
DRING! DRING!!
Joe Miracle
I OPENED THE DOOR....
BUT WHO COULD THAT BE!?!
IT'S HIM!
THAT WAS A NIGHT LIKE NO OTHER. AND AT DAWN, MY LOVER DISAPPEARED ...LIKE MAGIC.

## the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER ©

# COMING:

Interview with **Federico Fellini!**
**Milo Manara's** "An Author in Search of Six Characters."
A sneak preview of **Boris Vallejo's** new book *Enchantment.*

# TEX ARCANA

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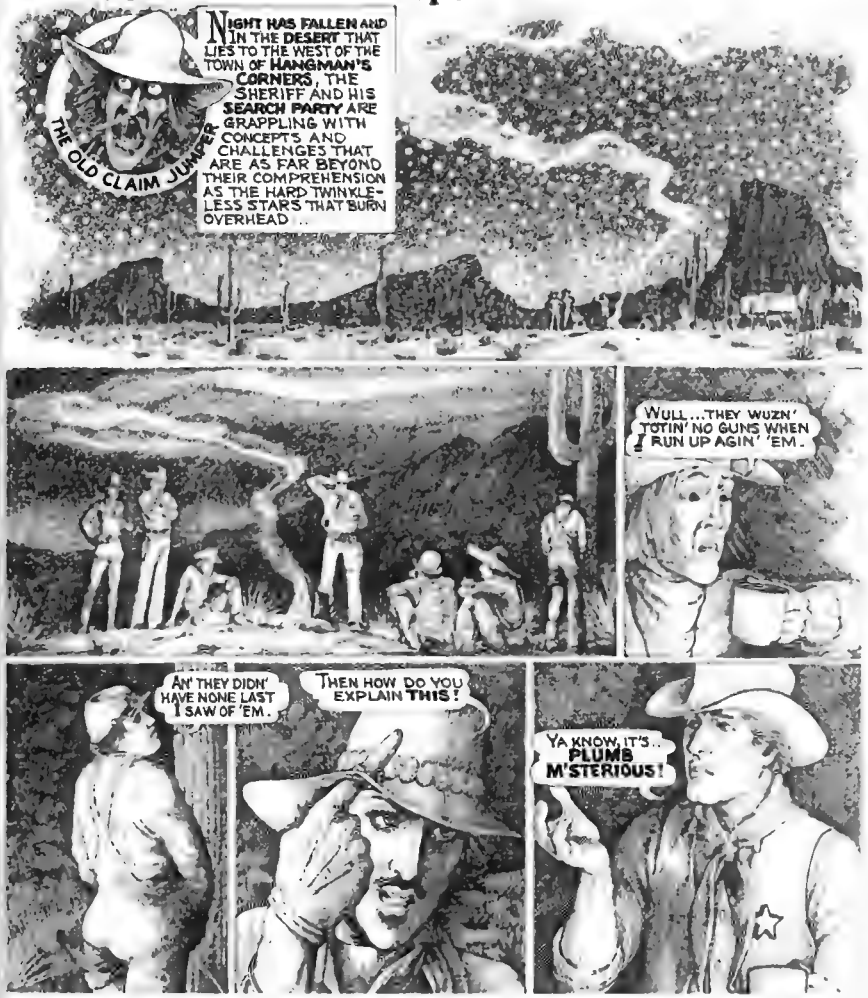
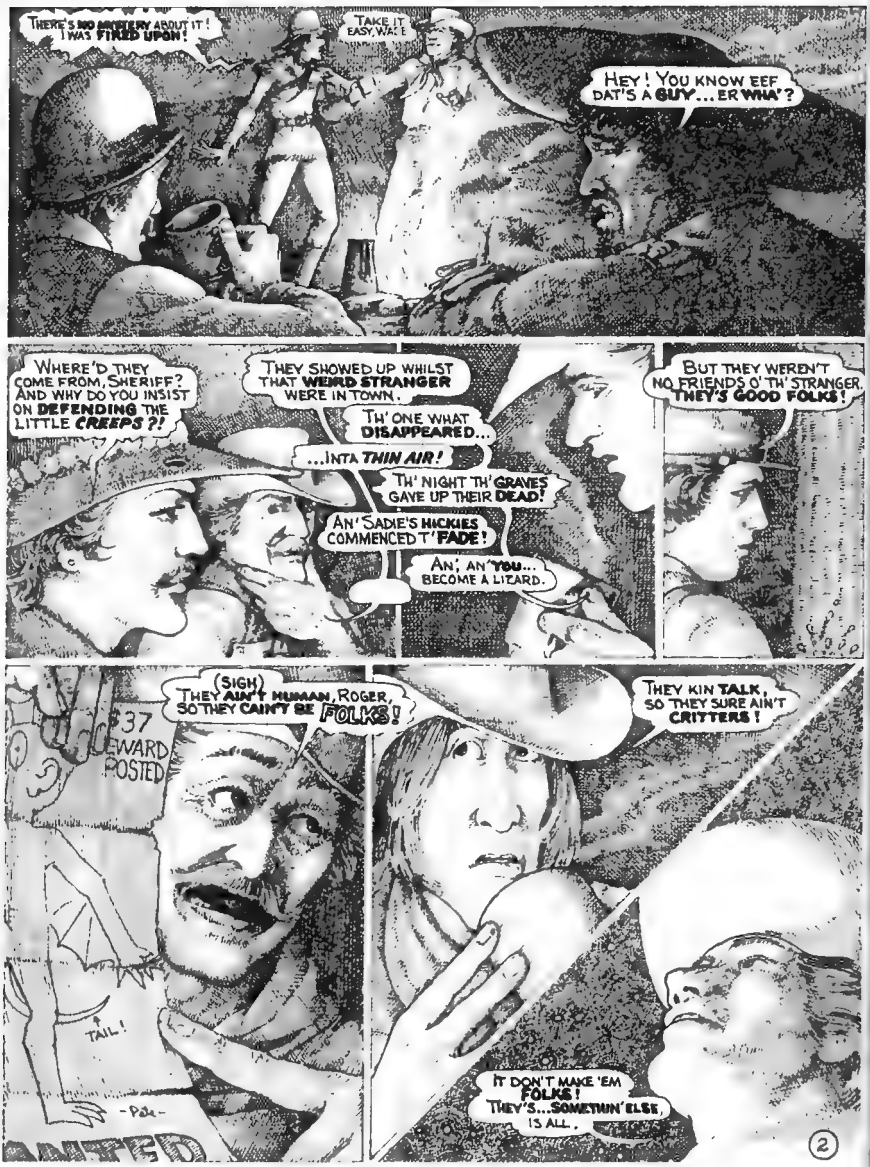
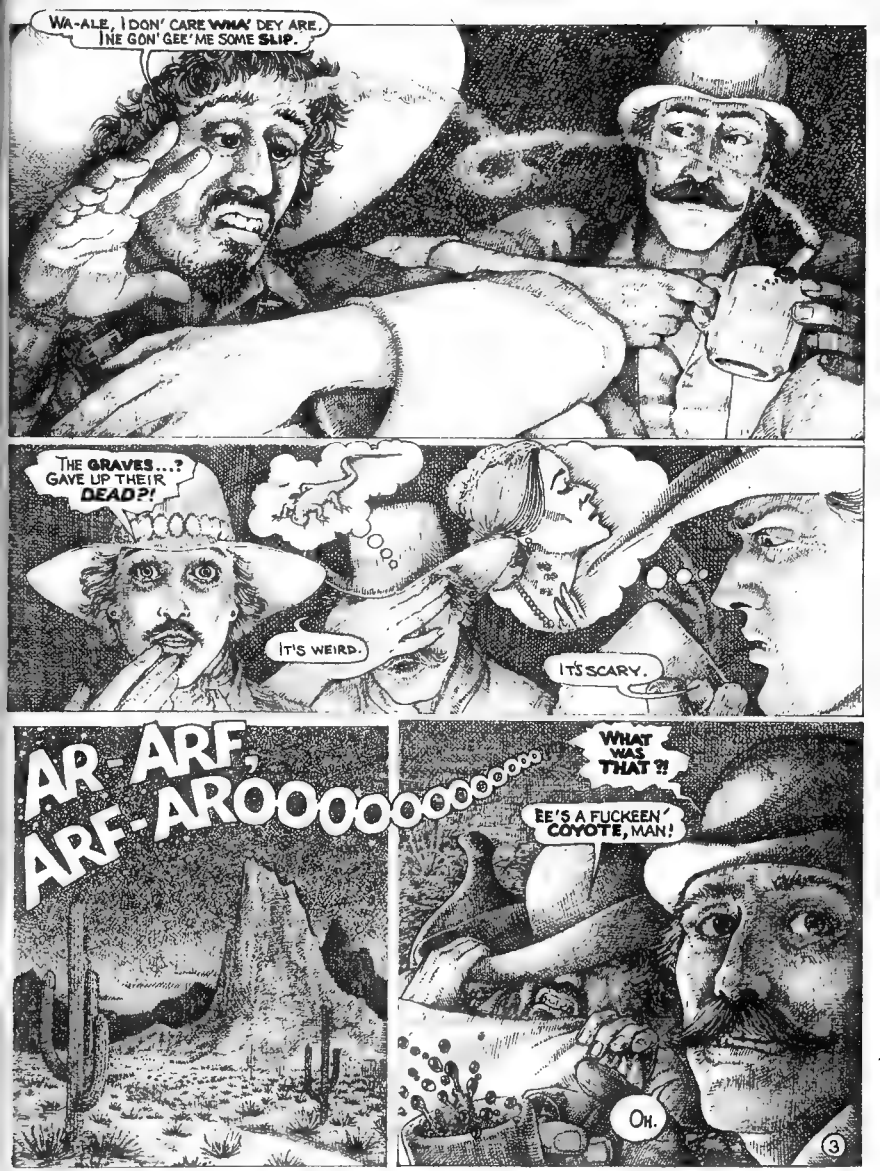
## Meets the Toast of Europe

## Part 14

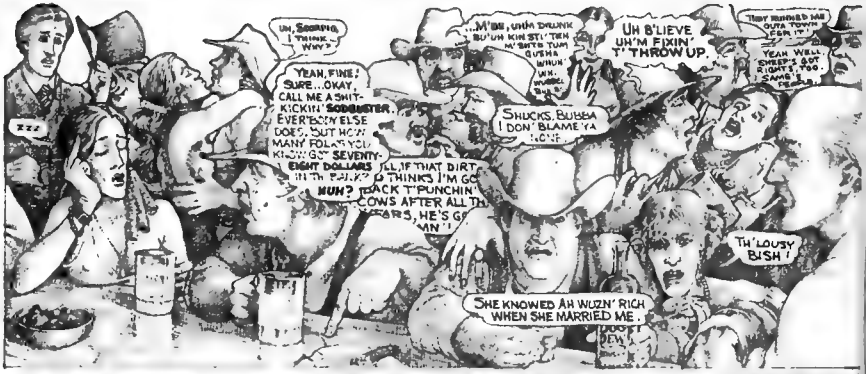

THE OLD CLAIM JUMPER
NIGHT HAS FALLEN AND IN THE DESERT THAT LIES TO THE WEST OF THE TOWN OF HANGMAN'S CORNERS, THE SHERIFF AND HIS SEARCH PARTY ARE GRAPPLING WITH CONCEPTS AND CHALLENGES THAT ARE AS FAR BEYOND THEIR COMPREHENSION AS THE HARD TWINKLELESS STARS THAT BURN OVERHEAD ..
WULL ... THEY WUZN' TOTIN' NO GUNS WHEN I RUN UP AGIN' 'EM.
AN' THEY DIDN' HAVE NONE LAST I SAW OF 'EM.
THEN HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THIS!
YA KNOW, IT'S.. PLUMB M'STERIOUS!

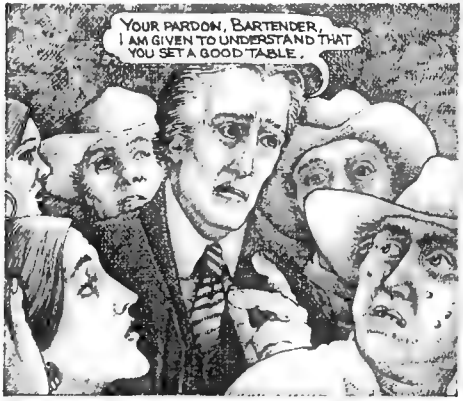

THERE'S NO MYSTERY ABOUT IT! I WAS FIXED UPON!
TAKE IT EASY, WALT
HEY! YOU KNOW EEF DAT'S A GUY... ER WHA'?
WHERE'D THEY COME FROM, SHERIFF? AND WHY DO YOU INSIST ON DEFENDING THE LITTLE CREEPS?!
THEY SHOWED UP WHILST THAT WEIRD STRANGER WERE IN TOWN.
TH' ONE WHAT DISAPPEARED...
...INTA THIN AIR!
TH' NIGHT TH' GRAVES GAVE UP THEIR DEAD!
AN' SADIE'S HICKIES COMMENCED T' FADE!
AN', AN' YOU... BECOME A LIZARD.
BUT THEY WEREN'T NO FRIENDS O' TH' STRANGER. THEY'S GOOD FOLKS!
$37 REWARD POSTED
(SIGH) THEY AIN'T HUMAN, ROGER, SO THEY CAINT BE FOLKS!
TAIL!
-Pete-
WANTED
THEY KIN TALK, SO THEY SURE AIN'T CRITTERS!
IT DON'T MAKE 'EM FOLKS! THEY'S...SOMETHIN' ELSE, IS ALL.
2


WA-ALE, I DON' CARE WHA' DEY ARE. I'NE GON' GEE 'ME SOME SLIP.
THE GRAVES...? GAVE UP THEIR DEAD?!
IT'S WEIRD.
IT'S SCARY.
AR-ARF, ARF-AROOOOOOOOOOOO
WHAT WAS THAT ?!
EE'S A FUCKEEN' COYOTE, MAN!
OH.
3

AH BIN STUDYIN' ON IT, SHERIFF, AN' AH'LL TEH YA WHAT... AH DON' B'LIEVE TH' LI'L FELLERS ARE OF THIS-HERE WORLD!
FFWWLL!
DA-UMNATION!
SPATTER!
TH' WORLD'S TH' WORLD, ROGER, AN' THERE AIN'T BUT ONE OF 'EM.
YOU PLUMB LOCO, ER WHAT?
HOL'ON, THERE, JED COULD BE ROGER'S GOT HIM A POINT.
WHAT ABOUT IT, GID? YER A EDGY-CATED FELLER, AIN'TCHA?
HMMM...?
WULL, UH... D'YA THINK MAYBE THESE WEIRD LI'L VARMINTS COULD BE FOLKS LIKE US, ONLY FROM SOME OTHER WORLD?
"THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH, HORATIO, THAN ARE DREAMT OF IN YOUR PHILOSOPHY."
GASP!
?
4

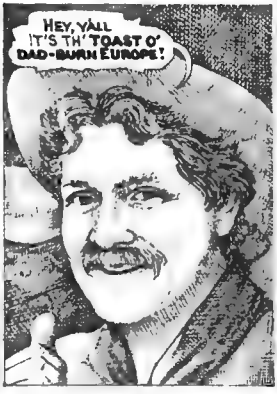
MEANWHILE, BACK IN HANGMAN'S CORNERS...
I CAN NO LONGER PUT UP WITH YOU, KLEID.
I AM GOING OUT.
AH! AND WHERE WILL YOU GO IN THIS BUCOLIC SEWER?
TO THE LOCAL BORDELLO, NO DOUBT; TO MINGLE YOUR NOBLE ESSENCE WITH THE SODDEN SLIME OF SOME SLEAZY SLUT?
PERHAPS...YES! IT WOULD BE PREFERABLE TO YOUR COMPANY.
IF YOU LEAVE, I WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT I, OR ME, WILL DO!
YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED
A MAN! ALL THIS TIME. IT'S INCREDIBLE, DOC, BUT WHO...?
I HAVE AN IDEA...
OH! MISTER PAGANO! I'M AFRAID SUPPER WILL BE CATCH AS CATCH CAN. YOU SEE, THERE'S BEEN SOME TROUBLE.
NOT TO WORRY, SIGNORA BURNS. I WILL BE DINING OUT TONIGHT.
THE GALLOWS VIEW HOTEL HAS A DINING ROOM, BUT I MUST RECOMMEND THE NOOSE AND GIBBET SALOON. THE FOOD IS MORE SAVORY THAN THE CLIENTELE, HOWEVER.
NOOSE &
SALO
5


Zzz
UH, SORRY. I THINK WE'VE WON?
YEAH, FINE! SURE... OKAY, CALL ME A SHIT-KICKIN' SODBUSTER. EVERYBODY ELSE DOES. BUT HOW MANY FOLKS YOU KNOW'VE SEVENTY-EIGHT DOLLARS
...M'DE, UHM DRUNK BU'UH KIN STI'TEN M'SETS TUM GUYS WHUH UH-HUMM BU-UH
UH B'LIEVE UH'M FIXIN' T' THROW UP.
THEY RUNNED ME OUTA TOWN LESS IT'S
YEAH WELL SWEEP'S OUT RIGHT'S TOO. SAME IS THEM
SHUCKS, BUBBA I DON' BLAME YA NONE
ALL IF THAT DIRT IN TH' PAN? O THINKS I'M GO BACK T' PUNCHIN' COWS AFTER ALL TH EARS, HE'S G MIN'!
TH' LOUSY BISH!
SHE KNOWED AH WUZN' RICH WHEN SHE MARRIED ME.


YOUR PARDON, BARTENDER, I AM GIVEN TO UNDERSTAND THAT YOU SET A GOOD TABLE.

OH...YEAH. I RECKON. 'BOUT AS GOOD AS YOU'RE GONNA FIND AROUN' THESE-HERE PARTS.
'COURSE, WE AIN'T LIKELY T' HOL' A CANDLE T' TH' SORTA PLACES YOU'RE USED TO, MR. PAGANO.
YOU KNOW WHO I AM!

YOU KIDDIN'? TH' WHOLE DAM' TOWN KNOWS WHO YA ARE.


HEY, Y'ALL IT'S TH' TOAST O' DAD-BURN EUROPE!

UH-OH! ROSE! GIT HIM T' TH' BACK DININ' ROOM, PRONTO!
FER M' KID, MISTER!
THIS WAY, MISTER!
MOVE IT, SODBUSTER!
6

LATER...
...SIMPLE FOOD AND GOOD. IT REMINDS ME OF MY CHILD-HOOD.
IN EUROPE, RIGHT?
IN...YES. IN EUROPE.
IS THAT WHAT MAKES YOU SAD, BEIN' SO FAR FROM HOME?
PERHAPS. OR, PERHAPS BEING SO FAR FROM CHILDHOOD.
SOMETIMES...
...AIN'T IT TH' SAME THING?
AT THE SAME TIME, A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...
JAIL
COUNTY SHERIFF
WHO ARE YOU TALKIN' TO?
ARE YOU TALKIN' T' ME?
WELL, NOW, I DON'T SEE NOBODY ELSE AROUND....
7

WHATCHA DOIN', DEPUTY?
HUH!?!
AH SAID: "WHATCHA DOIN', DEPUTY?"
I HEARED WHAT YA SAID, KID.
I'M PRACTICIN' UP, IS ALL.
M'PA SAYS FOLKS WHAT GOES AROUN' PLAYIN' WITH GUNS IS LIKELY T' BLOW THEAH DAM' FOOT OFF.
I'M TH' DEPUTY, SON. IT'S MY JOB T' PLAY WITH GUNS.
JUS' TELLIN' YA.
ANYWAY, AIN'T IT PAST YORE BEDTIME? WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' HERE?
AH COME T' SEE TH' SHERIFF. PA'S HAVIN' A FIT 'CAUSE AH AIN'T BEEN PAID FER THEM POSTERS.
PUTTIN' 'EM UP OR TAKIN' 'EM DOWN.
PA'S PACKIN' UP T' MOVE BACK T' ALABAMA! M'MAMA'S CRYIN' AN' CARRYIN' ON T' BEAT TH' BAND!
HMMM.
YORE FLAT OUTA LUCK, KID, 'CAUSE TH' SHERIFF'S OFF LOOKIN' FER THEM TWO LI'L VARMINTS THAT EXCAPED.
TELL YA WHAT, THOUGH, WE COULD MOSEY OVER T' TH' WIDDA BURNS'S AN' TALK T' THAT-THERE PAGANO GUY.
ARE YOU PREPARED FOR THE LONG EVENTFUL NIGHT TO COME? I AM. I MUST ADMIT THAT I'M DEATHLY AFRAID OF THE DARK, AND THERE IS A SHORTAGE OF PUMPKINS IN THE OLD GRAVEYARD. ONE MUST MAKE DO.

Dear *HM*:

I really enjoyed reading the Testing Mettle and Heavy Metal Chopping Block articles in the July Dossier. It's a fucking relief not to hear mention of the Scorpions or Def Leppard in a good article on metal. I believe hm can learn one vastly important concept from hardcore (which I also really enjoy) *(Into* serious *brain damage, are you?—ls)*, which is neck-breaking speed. I think most good eighties bands like Motorhead or Manowar have caught on to this. Even some of the more commercial bands like Judas Priest have followed. When it comes down to plodding, depressant-based metal, though, I can say I enjoy being nostalgic with some old Black Sabbath or Deep Purple now and then, but the eighties belongs to speedfreak metal.

Lost Johnny
San Jose, CA

Sirs:

I hope I disappoint many of your readers when I say that I am not quite dead yet. I have always enjoyed playing the entertainment media against itself, and personally, I think this is my most spectacular put-on yet.

I remain,

Andy Kaufman

our country's *Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy*? *(No. Rod only acknowledges debts to those who send collection agencies after him.—ls)* Finally, "The Hunting Party" looks as if it could be one of the best things you've ever printed—Bilal's art on "The Voyage of Those Forgotten" was unusually inspired, but these lovely Russian landscapes surpass even "The Immortals' Fete."

Simon Birrell
Norwich, Great Britain

Dear Lou:

I'd like to make a couple of comments and share a few opinions. First of all, I just wanted you to know that I loved "Ranxerox" and I hope he makes a return visit soon. Also, I think Jeronaton's "The Great Passage" is absolutely fascinating, and I hope it has a long run. Thank God, however, "The Railways" is finally finished. It has the most pages with the least comprehensible storyline of anything I've ever seen in *HM*. As to your music reviews, I say, keep up the good work. Living in a small town, I can barely find the pablum rock on Top 40 radio (as pablum is for infants who aren't ready for real food, pablum rock is for people not ready for real music). If it wasn't for your columns, I would never have heard of such wonderful groups as SPK or the Residents.

and all three Conan mags regularly, in addition to the half-dozen or so sf/fantasy books I read monthly. I also am a heavy metal music addict and authority, and I find the majority of the comments on hm in your July issue unsubstantiated, asinine, and biased. First off, the categorization of hm listeners as alcoholics and drug addicts is a pile of shit. *Any* concert your misguided, uninformed critics would decide to attend would be full of wasted people. I personally believe the drug and alcohol percentage in teens is as high as seventy or eighty percent compared to the government's twenty-five percent figure. *(Tim Sommer's point in his Testing Mettle piece had to do with the different* types *of drugs favored by UK vs. US hm fans, not whether they were wasted or not.—ls)* How can Tim Sommer say that Krokus, Twisted Sister, and Motley Crue are bullshit made over? Come on Tim. this is what hm *is*. You guys criticize every group for one reason or another—to say Ronnie Dio has written some laughable lyrics is an insult to hm listeners. *(No, only to Dio listeners.—ls)* Anyone who knows anything at all knows Dio brought Sabbath back to life! My point to these pointy-headed writers is that hm and sf (mainly sword and sorcery) go hand in hand. If you can't handle this or realize this, you aren't hm critics. If you want an opinion on any hm albums at all, ask someone who knows. I am available. One more thing—ask your critics to name their favorite group and song. My bet is that they're not really metal—your guys should learn the difference between rock, hard rock, and heavy metal.

Lonnie Downey
Glen Burnie, MD

Dear People:

I don't believe that critics who suffer from occasional bouts of *Metal* fatigue should be instantly dubbed morons (recent Chain Mails). You should be able to take constructive criticism. *(When it's truly constructive, we do take it.—ls)* On the bright side, your contents are excellent. "Ranxerox," "Valentina," "Salammbo," and "El Borbah" are all superb and justify *HM*'s high price here in Britain. My only complaint is that you don't publish enough *Humanoides* work. I miss Montellier, Clerc, and Loustal. "Rock Opera II" isn't bad (I preferred the original), but is Rod going to acknowledge the massive debt it owes to

Despite all the moaning about changes in *HM*, it's still the only magazine around that gives its readers original art, good stories, and still makes them think. Let's see them get that anywhere else. Keep up the good work.

Oliver Seay
Hendersonville, NC

Dear *HM*:

I would like to start off saying that I despise any and all critics. I realize writing this letter makes me a critic as well, but at least I'm a capable one. *(—That's what they all say, Mac.—ls)* Just to clear the air, I think your mag is great and I don't miss an issue. I also get *Epic*

Dear *HM*:

May I ask where the FUCK your two writers (Josh Ribakove and Jeff Schalles) get off cutting down one of the best heavy metal groups of the eighties, Motley Crue? As they said in their own words, "They seem more interested in schtupping broads than making music." Well I think it's about time those two FUCKUPS pull there (sic) heads out of there (assholes). I think there (sic) just fucken jelous (sic) that they don't have two albums that went to gold then platnum (sic) and that they don't have a bunch of Dick Hungry women after them. I'm really sorry about this but I've been reading your magazine for about five years and it's rather upsetting to read shit like this. If you can't say anything nice don't fucken (sic) say anything at all. So just remember this Josh and Jeff, Motley Crue thrives on assholes lick (sic) yourselfs (sic).

Steve Patterson
San Jose, CA

# CRITICAL MASS OF COOL

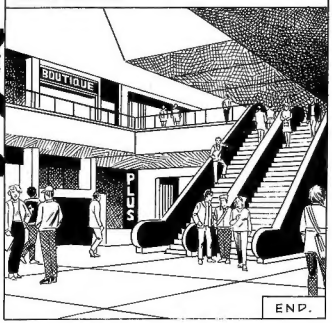
I CAN STILL SEE JOHNNY STANDING THERE IN THE MALL, EVERY DAY, IN THE SAME SPOT, ALWAYS ALONE. NO ONE KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT HIM, WHERE HE CAME FROM OR WHAT HE WAS INTO. HE DIDN'T TALK MUCH... HE JUST HUNG OUT.
LIQUOR
BEAM
RABINOWITZ
JOHNNY WAS COOL... ANYBODY COULD SEE THAT. HE HAD AN ATTITUDE ANYONE COULD PICK UP ON. THE RENT-A-COPS NEVER HASSLED JOHNNY.
I'LL NEVER FORGET HOW I WALKED UP TO HIM THAT DAY, WITH NO IDEA OF THE PART I WAS TO PLAY IN THE INCREDIBLE THING THAT HAPPENED...
HEY...
YOU GOT TICKETS FOR THE BILLY JOEL CONCERT?
BILLY JOEL?
© PAUL KIRCHNER '84

CAMEL
GIMME A BREAK.
I JUST STOOD THERE, AWESTRUCK, THE WAY HE'D SAID THAT... HIS ATTITUDE... IT WAS SO TOGETHER... IT WAS PERFECT!
I MEAN, HE'D SAID IT ALL... NOT ONLY ABOUT BILLY JOEL, BUT ABOUT ME... MY LIFE... THE WORLD... EVERYTHING!
GRATEFUL DEAD
THEN I NOTICED THINGS GOT REAL QUIET.. PEOPLE TURNED AND STARED...
THEN THE WHOLE MALL STARTED TO VIBRATE... A THROBBING HUM FILLED THE AIR... AND THEN--

HE WAS JUST TOO COOL FOR THIS WORLD.

WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED HE WAS GONE. EVERYONE JUST STOOD THERE. THEY KNEW THEIR LIVES WOULD NEVER BE THE SAME. IT WAS A HISTORICAL EVENT, LIKE WOODSTOCK, AND THEY WERE THERE. THEY HAD SEEN IT.

THAT WAS MONTHS AGO. EVERYONE STILL HANGS OUT AT THE MALL, HOPING THAT THEY TOO WILL MAKE THE GRADE. ME, I DON'T KNOW. A GUY LIKE JOHNNY COMES ALONG ONLY ONCE IN A GENERATION...



DOCTOR, ARE YOU SURE THAT MR. MEESE WILL LIVE THE REST OF HIS LIFE AS A VEGETABLE?
YES, NURSE, BUT THANKS TO THIS NEW PROCEDURE, HE'LL BE A SMILING, LAUGHING, ROLLICKING VEGETABLE.
Death
The Adventures of Dr. Arthur Playdead Magazine
Last-Aid Kit Suicide Letters to Santa
NATIONAL LAMPOON
If You Don't Buy This Magazine, We'll Kill This Dog
DAN NEVEN

# *NATIONAL LAMPOON* OFFERS MED SCHOOL BY MAIL

HI, I'M IRVING, THE HUMOR DOCTOR. FOR YEARS I HAD patients coming to me with maladies I simply couldn't diagnose. There was listlessness, morbidity, a general malaise. Ailments ranged from psychological to terminal. Nothing could cure them. Nothing seemed to work.

Then I came across an article by Mao Tse-tung, titled "Laughter as Medicine," written while on his now famous medicine-free Long March. Mao told the story of how when one of his men fell off a seven-thousand-foot cliff with the luncheon meats, Mao and the others laughed it up and told jokes about the Nationalists until their stricken comrade was well and back on his feet.

Right then, something clicked. I knew this must be the answer I had devoted my life to finding. No longer would I dabble in X rays, drugs, or Band-Aids. Laughter would be my medicine! Quickly I went about my business. I secured a number of copies of the *National Lampoon*, chose my first guinea pigs, and supplied them with a steady dose of the humor magazine. We proceeded slowly at first, as this was still a relatively new form of medicine, which I had yet to master. Gradually I increased the dosage, always keeping enough copies of the *Village Voice, U.S. News and World Report, Rolling Stone,* and other humorless publications on hand as an antidote to an overdose. Within days, a metamorphosis was clearly discernible. The patients were healthy and walking around. One patient's arm grew back. *Patients, once close to death, now spew forth one-liners and hand out exploding handkerchiefs.*

Sirs:
I'd subscribe to the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, but I don't always understand their jokes. Please send me:

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